Season's Greetings FROM MAD

OUR PRICE 25¢ CHEAP

No. 68 Jan. '62



Who put the men in mental breakdown?



Advertisers—that's who!

When you get to the point where you're ready to crack up from constant irritation by sickening commercials on television, and ridiculous ads in magazines ... *The place to go is Alpine!*

The crisp, fresh air around Alpine will clear your head and restore your sanity. This lovely rest home is high in the Swiss Alps, where there's no TV—and no magazines! *Come to Alpine!*



Send for this free brochure
Est. by Morris Philip

NUMBER 68 JANUARY 1962

MAD

"The main thing wrong with the younger generation is: A lot of us don't belong to it anymore!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein

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The Usual Gang of Idiots

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MAD — Jan., 1962, Vol. 1, Number 68, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 850 Third Avenue, New York 22, New York. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for $2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere, $2.50. Allow 6 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright 1961 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

MIDNIGHT TV ROULETTE 4



This new game affords a relief from those horror movies and the Jack Paar Show—which is a horror any way you look at it!

IF "STARS" HAD ORDINARY JOBS 10



Here's what some big TV and Movie Stars would be doing if they hadn't gotten that "lucky break"—mainly doing honest work!

CELEBRITIES' WALLETS 18



MAD peeks inside Senator Barry Goldwater's wallet—examines its contents—and finds that things are all "right" in his world!

THE COMICS CHRISTMAS PARTY 24



Office Xmas Parties are where most people choose to become characters, but here's a party where the characters become people.

LANGUAGES OF THE U.S.A. 27



There are several kinds of business languages in the U.S.A., but they all have a basic origin, the language of double-talk!

FRATERNITIES 33



MAD takes a look at the goings-on inside College Fraternities, and finds that all men are brothers . . . until they join one!

WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING? 39



Sometimes, Daddies have a tough time explaining how they make a living to their youngsters—at least we do at **MAD**!

THE GUNS OF MINESTRONE 45



MAD levels a "blast" at the "Guns" with a "burst" of gags in an "explosive" version that manages to end up as a bigger "bomb"



A GOOD SPORT



I've just finished reading your strip on Bobby Darin ("Celebrities' Wallets"—MAD #66) and thought it was hilarious. Seeing that I know him so well, it becomes even funnier.

Bobby Darin
Los Angeles, Calif.

SLICK COMMENT

I was glancing through the latest issue of "Cosmopolitan" when I came across an article, "The Most Popular Characters in the World." The following paragraph was included:

"One of the strangest trends of all is perhaps the one aptly characterized by the title of what has been called 'the zaniest, goofiest, brashest magazine in America:' MAD. Not only does this sell more than one million copies per issue on the newsstands, but MAD material in pocket-book format has sold upwards of four million copies—and is still going strong. After six years, this completely insane magazine is in great demand, and has been so successful that it has stimulated more than fifty imitators."

Michael Wheeler
Clovis, Calif.

HOT STUFF

My whole family thought that your latest issue (#66) showed a real flare for humor. Mainly because we burned it!

Dave Burnett
Salt Lake City, Utah

UNIQUE LETTER

I could probably get a letter printed in your magazine by devising a unique way to insult your "trashy magazine" as so many other clods have done, but I'd rather just compliment you on publishing a fine magazine.

Ronald Barat
N. Long Beach, Calif.

A "MAD FILLER"

Your satirical ad for "Dee-Cayers" was more truth than riotry! I have it framed and hanging in my office waiting room. Congratulations!

Robert H. Digby, D.D.S.
Lansing, Mich.

BRINGING THE WORD

Recently on a local radio station, I heard the D.J. quote a MAD article word for word. Does this mean that MAD is bringing its message to millions via the airways now?

Donna Miller
Ft. Worth, Texas

No, it means the D.J. is stealing our stuff! —Ed.

HER SLEEP IS SHOWING

I have a problem. My parents disapprove of MAD, and so I have to hide all my issues between the mattress and the box spring. Since buying the last three or four copies, I haven't been able to sleep at night because of the lumps from my MAD's. Since you publish the magazine, I feel it's your responsibility to give me a solution to my problem.

Margaret Kobliska
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

You made your bed—now lie on the floor next to it! —Ed.

FOR COMPARISON

After reading your latest issue, I arrived at the conclusion that every college should be equipped with MAD Magazine for the purpose of studying satire.

Jeanette Berney
Omaha, Nebraska

Mainly, the right way—and the "MAD" way! —Ed.

FOUR'S A CROWD

There are four "Mad" people in our family who all want to read your magazine at the same time, namely the minute our postman puts it in the mailbox. What do you suggest?

R. K.
Hawthorne, Calif.

We suggest you take it out of the mailbox first! —Ed.

DON MARTIN BOOK

Why don't you publish a collection of Don Martin cartoons? They make more sense than the rest of the magazine!

Nelson Sullivan
Kershaw, S.C.

Signet Books is currently preparing a collection of "Don Martin Cartoons" which will be published shortly! —Ed.

MOVING QUESTION

How come you moved from your old run-down offices downtown to your new run-down offices uptown? Were the cockroaches in the old place dancing on the typewriter keys at night and producing funnier material than the day shift?

John F. Majors
Seattle, Wash.

It was no surprise to me that you guys moved from your old run-down office to your new run-down office. I figured that sooner or later you and your zany crew would be evicted!

Robert Klein
New Orleans, La.

ONE FAITHFUL READER

I would like to say that you have one faithful reader who never misses an issue. I'm not him, but I'm sure you have one somewhere!

Clay Bryant Jr.
Kennesaw, Georgia

POOLING OF INTERESTS

One rainy day, as I was riding through Camden, New Jersey, I noticed a High School boy stoop by the curb and repeatedly dunk the current issue of MAD into a rather deep puddle. I'm not sure just what he was doing, but it struck me as some kind of sacrilege!

Don Zepp
Moorestown, N.J.

Maybe he doesn't like dry humor! —Ed.

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Since I began working as Art and Layout Editor of our school paper, I realize how much work, careful planning, and frustration must go into each issue of MAD. My work has made me appreciate MAD even more.

Patricia Ranalletta
Rochester, N.Y.

NEED FOR ALARM

Yesterday, I bought the latest issue of MAD, and today my house caught fire. Does this mean something?

Harold L. Nussdorf
Flushing, N.Y.

Yes! Stop reading and GET OUT! —Ed.

POINT OF NO RETURN

Our school is one of the most enlightened in the country. Not only did three of our teachers let us read MAD openly, but they carried the magazine around, too, and one of them had a subscription. However, for some strange reason, none of these benefactors will be back this fall!

Sharon Schraudenbach
Altona, Illinois

MAD JOB HUNTER

I was fired when I was caught reading MAD during working hours. Do you have an opening for a MAD journalist?

Malcom Musgrave
Casino, New South Wales
Australia

Not right now—but next time you're in the neighborhood, drop in! —Ed.

WHAT—HIM WORRY?

One Sunday on the I.R.T. Subway in New York, a man got on with a copy of MAD. Then the train stalled in the tunnel. After several minutes, everyone became nervous and fidgety, but the fellow reading MAD didn't move a muscle the whole time we were stuck.

Linda Fogel
Brooklyn, N.Y.

MAD REACTION

Every time I read MAD, I get a headeache! Is there something I can do about this? Should I try reading other magazines?

Bennie Elmore
Munich, Germany

Why trade your headache for an upset stomach?—Ed.

BI-PARTISAN REPROACH

I am old enough to have known and read "Ballyhoo," which was a primitive forerunner of MAD, but lacked the rich material for satire so prevalent today, nurtured by the fertilizer of television, Madison Avenue, Hollywood and a really "Mad" political climate. MAD is fortunate to have targets for its satire flourishing like weeds. And I am thankful that MAD spares no phonies when they present themselves. The poetic justice of it all is wonderful, since MAD so adeptly flings back at these phonies their own torrents of bunkum, and makes them stick so stingingly. You have spared neither Republican or Democrat, and this demonstrates your basic integrity.

John Russell Owen
Hollywood, Calif.

It also demonstrates our basic stupidity!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 68, 850 Third Avenue
New York City 22, N. Y.

CHANNEL CROSSING DEPT.

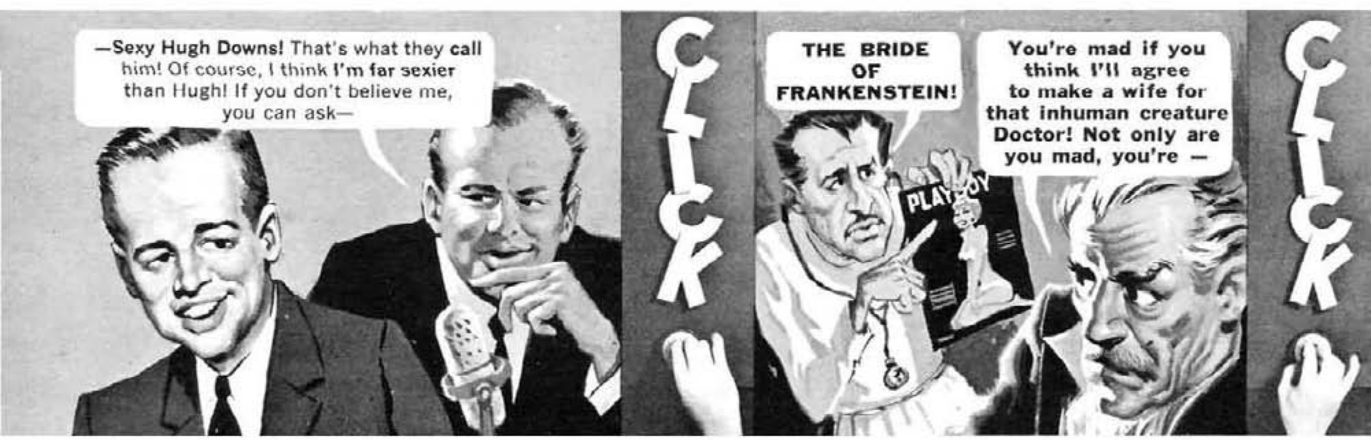
About a year ago, MAD offered an article called "Commercial Roulette" in which we showed the risks involved in constant dial-switching when the commercial comes on — mainly you might end up catching only the commercials. But nowadays, there's an even worse risk involved in constant dial-switching — mainly you might end up with what the TV networks offer as entertainment. However, there is a time of day when lots of fun can be had by constant dial-switching, and that's late at night, when the majority of people — the ones that count — have gone to bed, and the networks relax and pacify late viewers with cheap entertainment like



MIDNIGHT TV

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD





** It makes MILTON CROSS to see MARIA CALLAS!





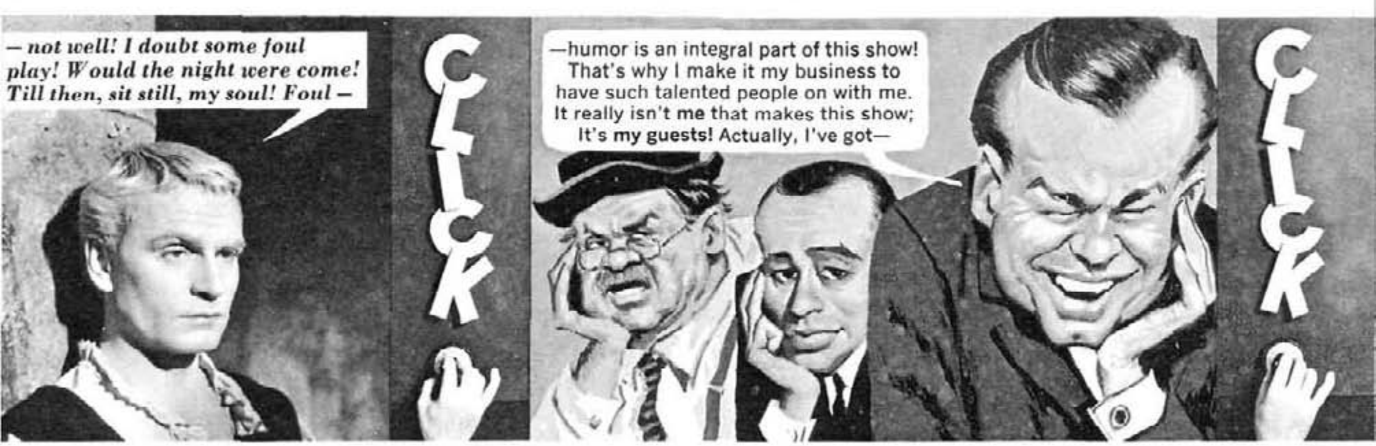


Yep, that's when the fun begins — because all you have to do is to keep switching from channel to channel, and enjoy stuff like this — as you play MAD's new game:

ROULETTE

WRITER: GARY BELKIN







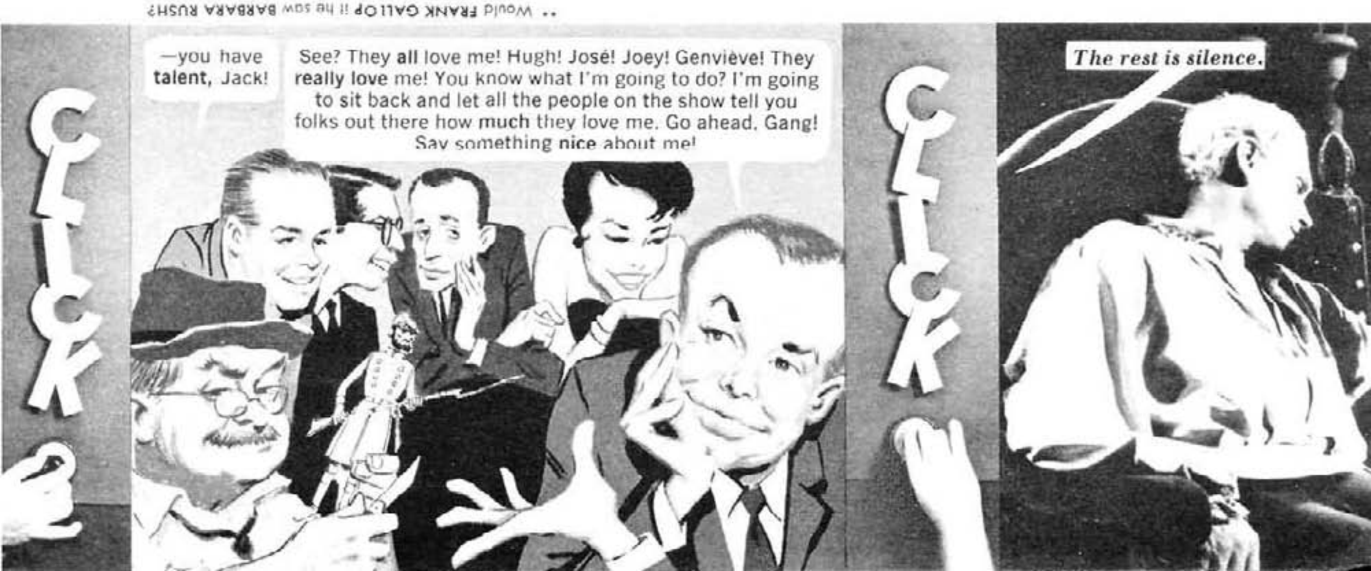


—José Melis! One thing about José—he doesn't care what I do, as long as he can ride home with me every night! Pal, one of these days, I'm going to take you with me and walk off this show and never come back!
CLICK
—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep; To sleep: perchance to—
CLICK
— meet Count Dracula!
There's something strangely familiar about you, Count Dracula! Aren't you known by another name? Aren't you known as —
— coming back to destroy us! They all keep coming back! Night after night!
What have we done to deserve this? Why must we suffer so? Why do these creatures haunt us and plague us? Why? WHY?
CLICK
For a lousy $320! That's why!
Listen, Joey! There's a good reason for that!
That's Hugh! Always coming to my defense! Actually, Hugh is a—a—
FROM THE DESK OF JACK PAAR
CLICK
— a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred is —
CLICK
—from the TV Networks! You know, I'll bet if I were on during prime evening time, I'd really knock 'em dead!
BIG ED KNOCKS 'EM DEAD
CLICK
You will lose the wager, my lord.
I do not think —





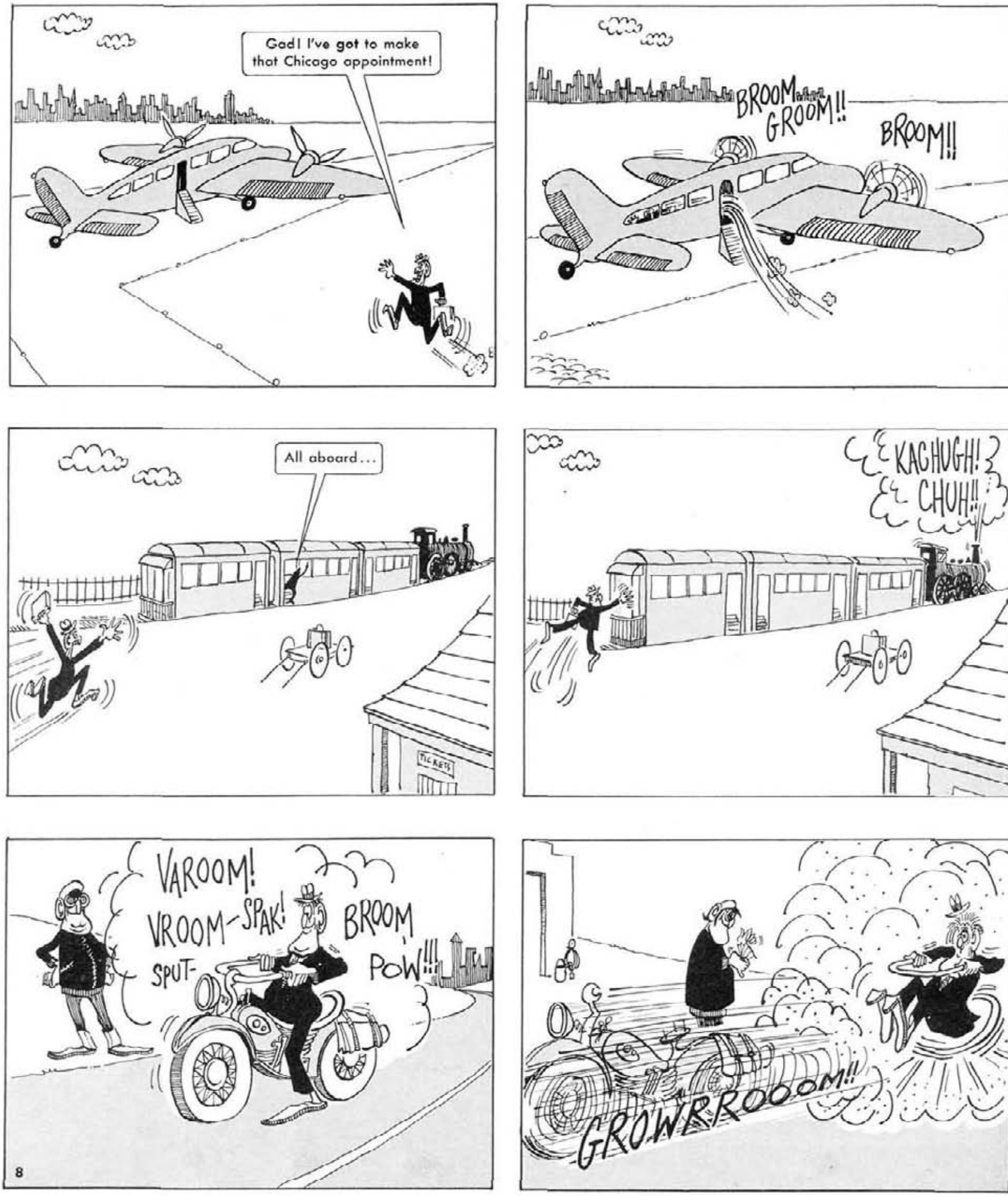
•• Would FRANK GALLOP if he saw BARBARA RUSH?



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

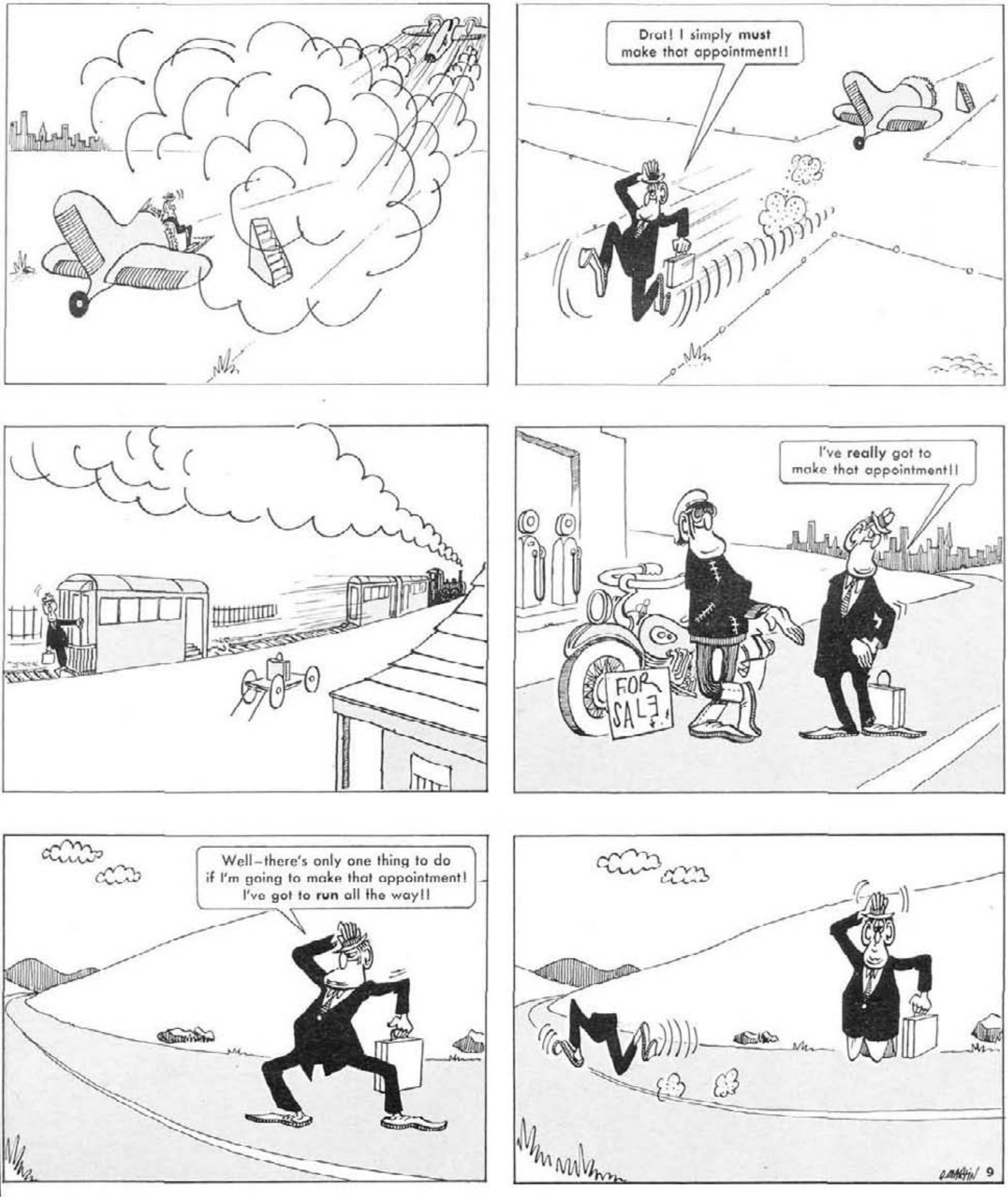
Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist, is "disturbed" by many things, one being modern transportation which he claims aggravates his "split personality". For example, observe what happened to Don the day he tried to keep

THE



** Although we saw **ED WYNN**, they made **GOWER CHAMPION**!

APPOINTMENT



WHAT NEVER HAPPENED TO—? DEPT.

Take a look at those big TV and Movie "Stars"! They just stand in front of cameras, and get thousands of dollars a week! And all because of some "lucky break" that put them on the road to stardom. But what if they'd never gotten that "lucky break"? Where would they be? Out making *honest* livings like the *rest* of us clods! *That's*

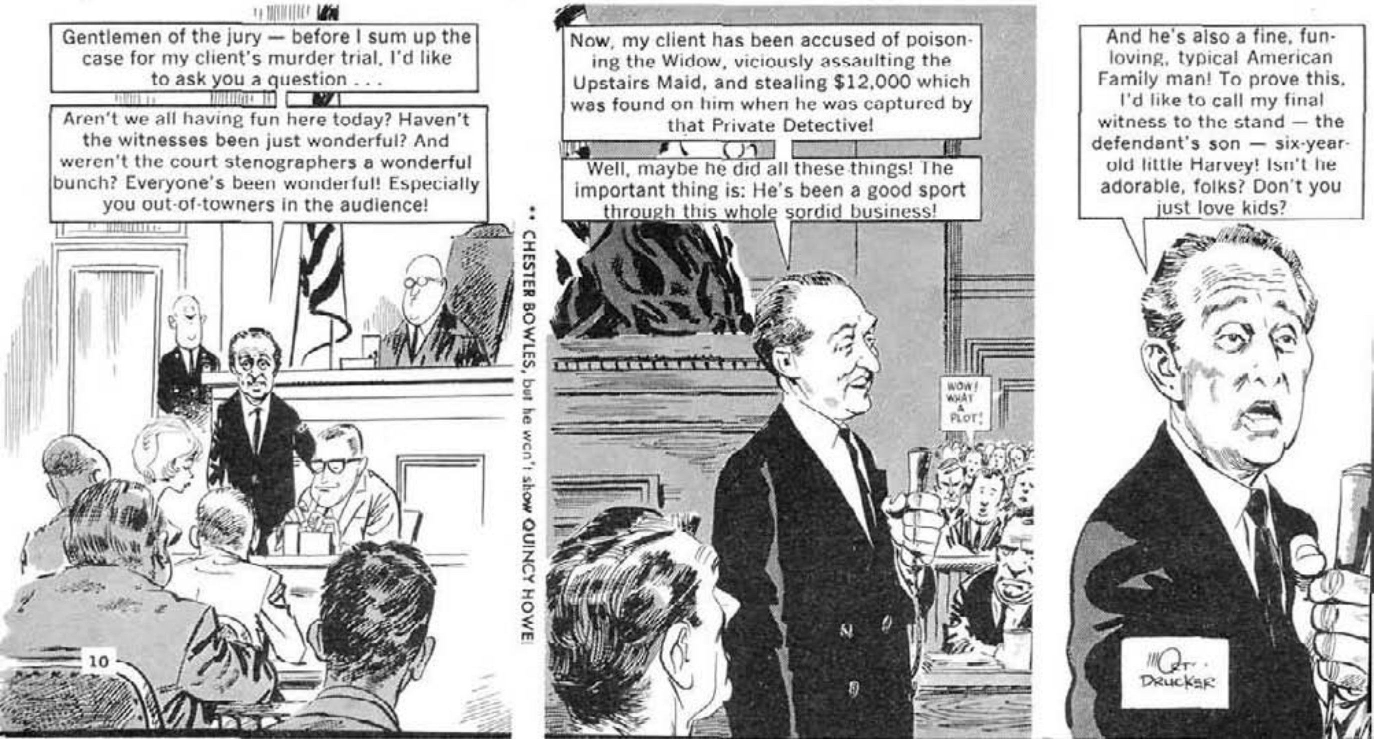
IF "STARS" HAD

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

F'rinstance, what if **GROUCHO** had never joined his brothers in a comedy act?



And if friendly, ever-pleasant, fun-loving **ART LINKLETTER** hadn't become an



CHESTER BOWLES, but he won't show QUINCY HOWE!

where they'd be! Except that even if they *were* accountants or salesmen or teachers, their personalities — the outstanding characteristics that they display in "Show Biz" — would *still* shine through and work to their advantage (or disadvantage)! Here, then, is what it would be like if that "lucky break" hadn't come along . . . and . . .

ORDINARY JOBS

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

He might have ended up as an **INFORMATION CLERK** in an Airlines Terminal . . .

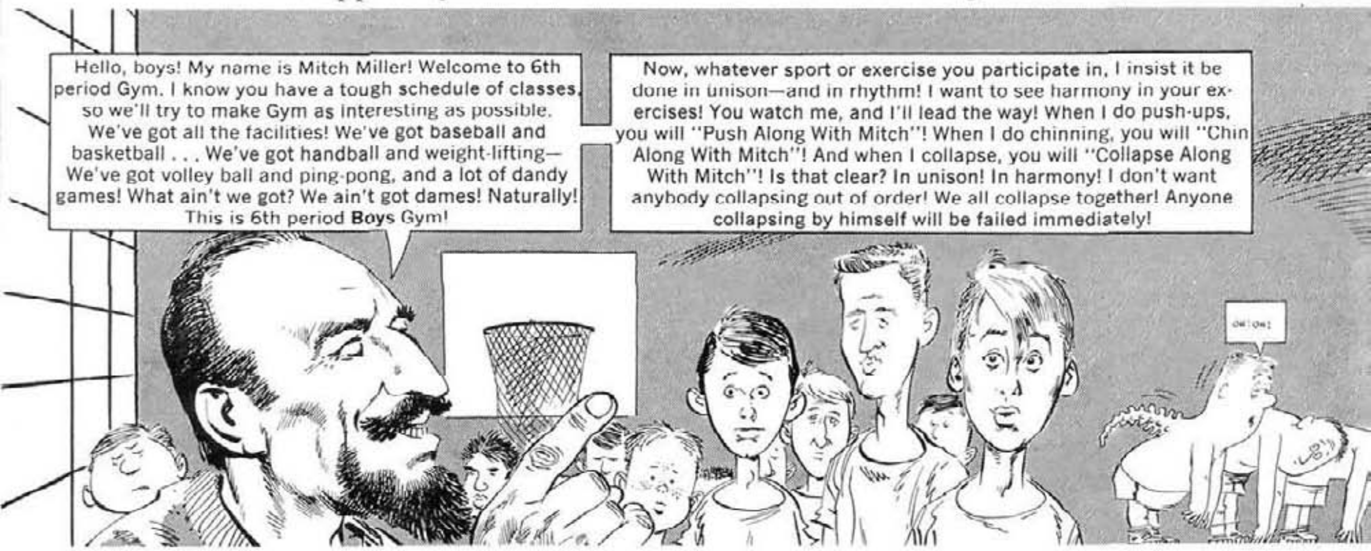


** Is HENRY FONDA the picture JOANNE DRU?

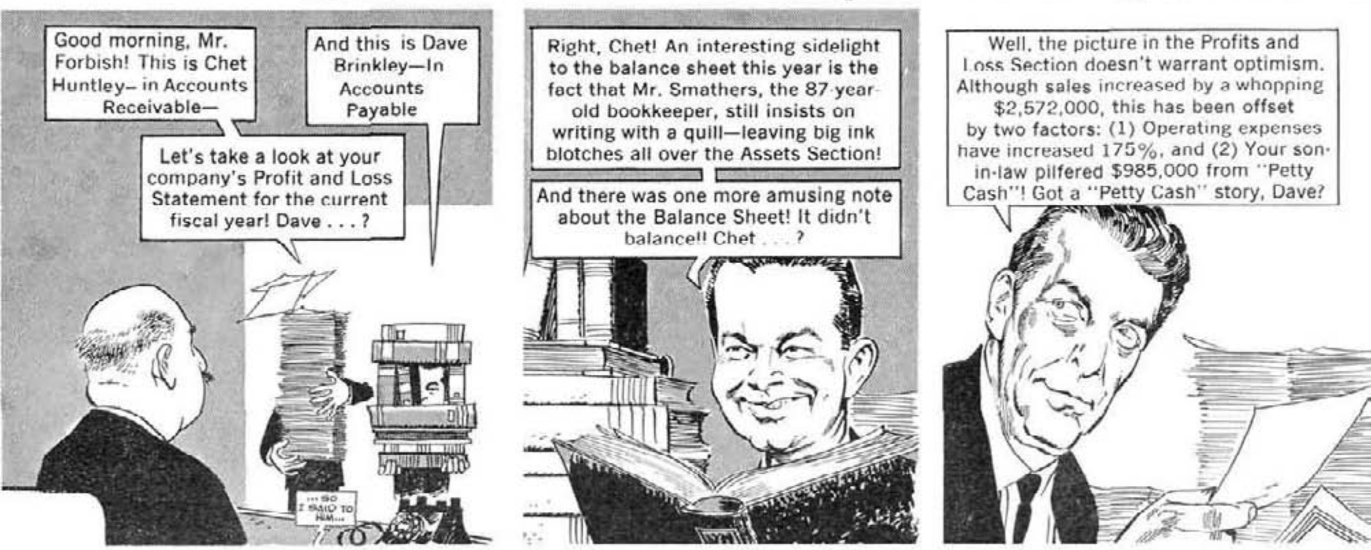
M.C., he might have ended up as an ever-pleasant, fun-loving **TRIAL LAWYER**



Suppose spirited **MITCH MILLER** hadn't made it big in the Music Business wit



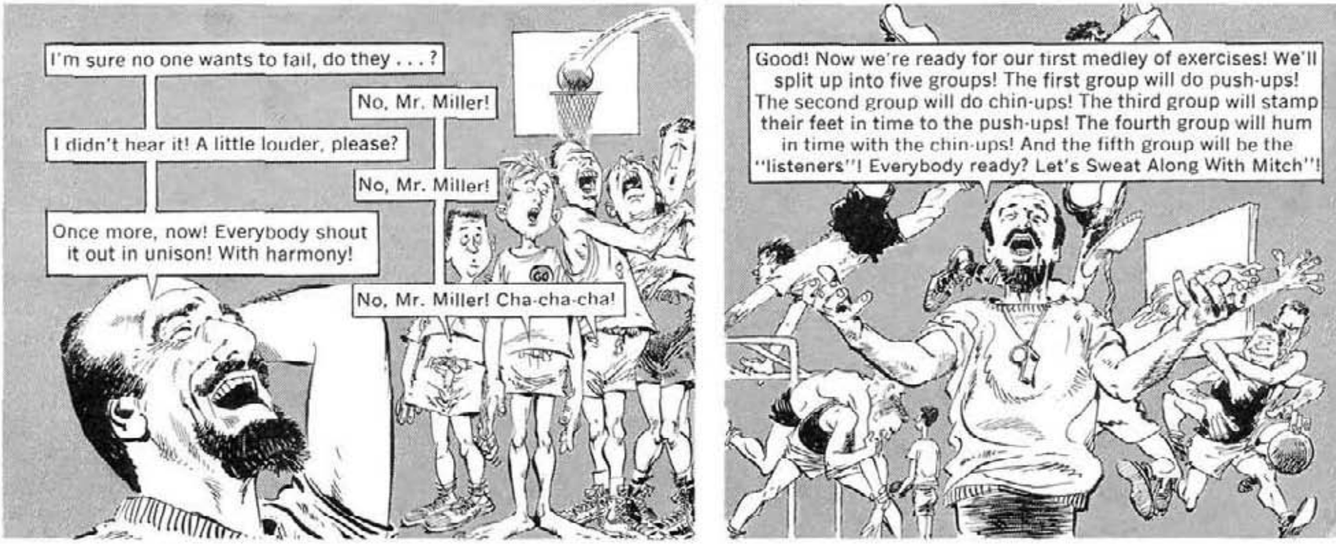
Let's see what it would be like if cooperative and amusing **CHET HUNTLEY** an



What if **BORIS KARLOFF** had failed at movies, and opened **KARLOFF'S DINER** . . .



his "Sing-Alongs"! He might have ended up making it big as a **GYM TEACHER** . . .



DAVE BRINKLEY had never become a Newscasting Team, but an **ACCOUNTING TEAM**. . .



ED SULLIVAN might have used his showmanship in **SULLIVAN'S FISH MARKET** . . .



THE CLAUS THAT DEPRESSES DEPT.

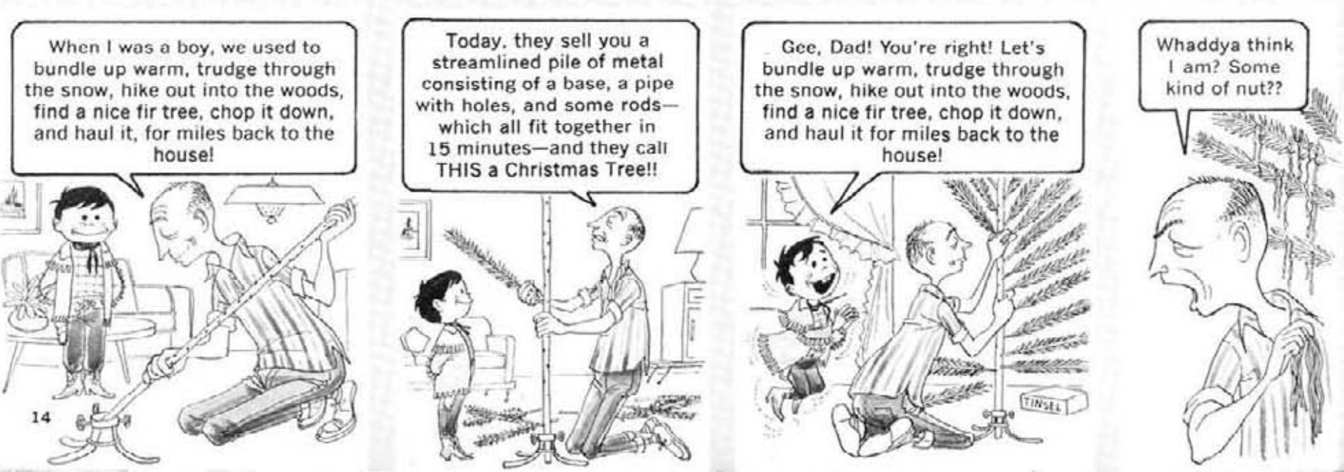
This is the season of the year when Crooners are dreaming of a "White Christmas" . . . and Store Owners are counting on a "Green" one! So before the Christmas Spirit passes out — with the arrival of the bills, MAD decks its pages with hunks of folly, and presents . . .

A MAD LOOK AT





** The cocktails made BILLY WILDER, MARTHA HYER and kept JAY C. FLIPPIN!



Christmas

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



•• Shall I take CELESTE HOLM, or will CLINT WALKER?









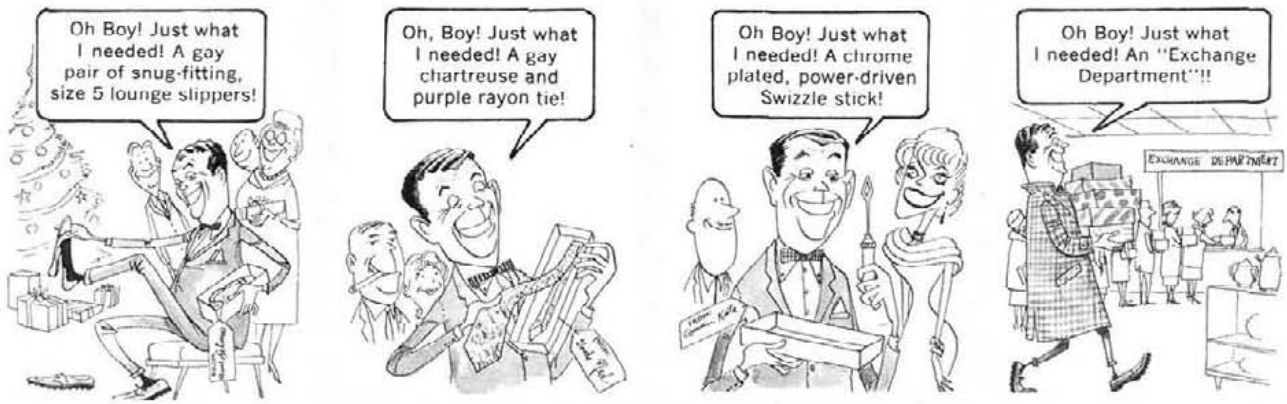


** If **HUGH DOWNS** a whole fifth, would **AUDREY TOTTER** and **HOWARD KEEL** over?





** If they made ALAN KING and WILLIAM PRINCE and PATTY DUKE, would JANICE RULE?







8-BALL IN THE EXTREME RIGHT POCKET DEPT.

Once again, MAD presents the future based on the proposition that you can tell an awful lot about a person when you study the contents of his wallet—like f'rinstance how hard he can hit you in the mouth for picking his pockets. Anyway, here's our fictionalized version of things we'd probably find in this "Third of a Series" revealing the contents of . . .



CELEBRITIES' WALLETS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

The Bentley Building & Construction Co.

"We Build Anything... Anywhere!"

HOME OFFICE: NEW YORK CITY

Senator Barry Goldwater
Washington, D.C.

October 24, 1961

Dear Sir:

As per your request, here is our cost estimate for building a ten-mile high wall around the United States:

Eastern Shore	$2,430,500,000.
Southern Border	1,376,250,000.
Western Shore	2,300,000,000.
Northern Border	3,130,000,000.
Extra wall around Alaska	250,000,000.
Hawaii (optional)	75,000,000.
Total	$9,561,750,000.
Less U.S. Senator Discount	200.
Final Total	$9,561,749,800.

Faithfully yours,

R. R. Bentley
R. R. Bentley

"You're Invited!"

A party, a party . . .
We hope that you will come!
It's a festive occasion . . .
Relax and join the fun!

The Date: Saturday Nov 19, 1961
The Place: The Usual
The Host: The John Birch Society
The Occasion: Monthly
"We've Uncovered Another Subversive Dance"
Star Spangled Banner
promptly at 8:15

Dear Barry
Hope you can make it!
You were a "smash" last month with your Nixon imitations.
Yours Conservatively
Bob Welch, Jr.

"GOLDWATER IN 1864"

CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

CONFIDENTIAL MEMO

Please, Barry...I implore you! Reconsider before you release this next statement to the press!! It may be going a bit too far, even for you! I know you feel as strongly about this as you did about Cuba and Red China, but you simply can't just come out and say...
''We should declare war on Great Britain!''
Just because they have a Socialist Party! Really!! We could stir up a little trouble on this one. (Lawford might complain to Kennedy!) I suggest we wait for six or eight months, and then break it gently.

H.R.

From The Office Of
The Campaign Manager

CAPITOL HILL RECORD SHOP

"Where The VIP's Buy Their LP's"

Pennysylvania Avenue & 14th Street Washington, D.C.

BILL TO:
Senator Barry Goldwater
Senate Office Building

1 album
''Great Song Hits of the 19th Century''..$4.98
1 Special Collector's item, (78RPM shellac)
''Herbert Hoover's Acceptance Speech,
1928 Inaugural''......................$1.50

Plus:
Special Charges for Damages:
Destroying:
4 Albums, ''The Bolshoi Ballet''.......$18.50
6 Albums,
''Jose Melis Plays Cuban Favorites''...$30.50
TOTAL......$49.00
GRAND TOTAL......$55.48

PLEASE REMIT!

THE HOUSE THAT JERK BUILT DEPT.

INSPIRATIONAL POEMS BY, FOR AND ABOUT THE NATION'S BUILDING MEN

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

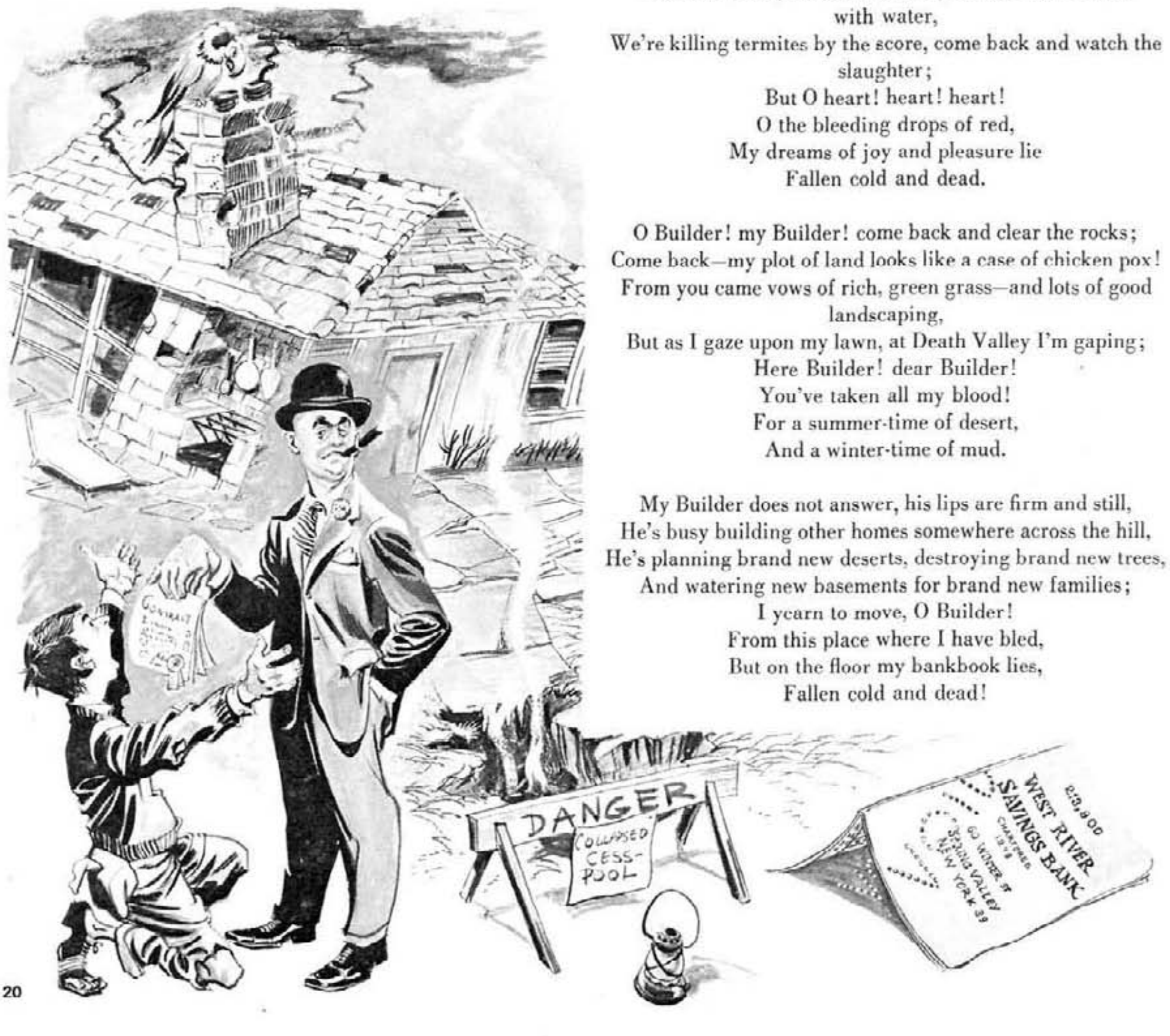
O BUILDER! MY BUILDER!

by Walt Wetman

O Builder! my Builder! our dreadful house is done,
There's devastation in your wake, it looks just like Bull Run;
The toilets leak, the closets creak, the basement's filled with water,
We're killing termites by the score, come back and watch the slaughter;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
My dreams of joy and pleasure lie
Fallen cold and dead.

O Builder! my Builder! come back and clear the rocks;
Come back—my plot of land looks like a case of chicken pox!
From you came vows of rich, green grass—and lots of good landscaping,
But as I gaze upon my lawn, at Death Valley I'm gaping;
Here Builder! dear Builder!
You've taken all my blood!
For a summer-time of desert,
And a winter-time of mud.

My Builder does not answer, his lips are firm and still,
He's busy building other homes somewhere across the hill,
He's planning brand new deserts, destroying brand new trees,
And watering new basements for brand new families;
I yearn to move, O Builder!
From this place where I have bled,
But on the floor my bankbook lies,
Fallen cold and dead!



We searched among our pile of scripts
For articles that would attest
The merits of "The Building Men",
Those dirty—uh—we'll skip the rest!

But nothing we could say in prose
Can do the job quite like a poem,
Especially if the writer has
Moved recently to his new home!

TREE

(A Builder's Lament)

by Joyce Killmore Oaks



I think that I shall never see
A sight more sickening than a tree.

A tree that takes up so much space
Where cheese-box homes could stand in place.

A tree that looks at God all day,
While *my* God is the F.H.A.

A tree that houses only birds
On land I'd like for human herds.

Upon whose trunk my men cause pain
With great bulldozer and with crane.

Homes are built by swine like me,
And e'er I'm through, God help the tree!

PIVNICKTOWN

by Carl Sandyburgh

Conformity Symbol for the World,
Monotonous Development,
Player with People's Life's Savings, and the
Nation's Cheese-box Forest;
Ugly, puny, choking,
City of the Big Windfall Profit:



They tell me you are confusing and I believe them, for I have seen
my son live with the neighbors next door for three years
without knowing the difference.
They tell me you are confining and I answer: Yes, it is true
that I have eaten at 14 different cook-outs given by 14
different families without once leaving my hammock.
And having answered I say to them:
Come and show me another city where you can talk to a neighbor up the
block without using a phone—or opening a window.
Come and show me another city that is built by an architect with
one pencil, one set of blueprints, and 1300 pieces of carbon paper.
Fierce as a dog, strong as a lion, I have seen our Founder, our
Benefactor, Ferdie Pivnick, in the wilderness,
Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Bribing, stealing, making fortunes,
And other Pivnicktowns.
Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white
teeth—*all* the way to the bank,
Under the terrible burden of destiny, laughing as only an old man
laughs who has nine cousins with the F.H.A. and a brother who
is Secretary of the Interior,
Laughing!
Laughing the stormy, husky laughter of Greed and Power, sweating,
salivating, printing fairy tale ads, lying, luring, foreclosing,
building future tenements, proud to be Founder of the Conformity
Symbol for the World, Owner of the Monotonous Development, Player
with People's Life's Savings, Lord of the Cheese-Box Forest and
Monarch of the City of the Big Windfall Profit.

THE PLANT BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

by Sam Walter Dross

Let me put up a plant by the side of the road,
In a quaint community.
Where the woods are still and the grass smells sweet
Is where I want it to be.
I'll bribe a man on the Zoning Board
To let me build it there.
Let me put up a plant by the side of the road
And pollute the good, fresh air.



Let me put up a huge supermart by its side
Now that the land is re-zoned.
Where a brook once ran and flowers once grew
Is where I want it enthroned.
And lovers can walk as they did in the past
And stop to bare their hearts
On a parking lot that is ten acres wide.
And cluttered with shopping carts.



Let me build a car-wash by the market's side
As part of my new domain:
With picturesque signs like, "Nine-Second Wash",
And "Free Wash If It Should Rain!"
Where crickets once chirped let me fill the air
With curses of car-washing men;
Let them litter the ground with dirty rags,
And the world will be right again.



Let me build all these things by the side of the road,
In a quaint community.
Where the woods are still and the grass smells sweet
Is where I want them to be.
And though I'm not rich with spiritual things,
And I have no goodness to share,
There are things more important than love; I'll be
A multi-millionaire!

OLD STONESIDES

Ay, tear her tattered stonesides down!
Long have they stood on high,
Come draw an "X" upon each rock,
Let's raze it by July.
Beneath it sleep the Pharaohs all
In cozy, airy tombs:
'Tis time those rent-free vaults became
One hundred dollar rooms!



THE CHARGE OF THE HIGHWAY BRIGADE

by Alfred Condemnison

(A tribute to the 100 Bulldozers belonging to the State Highway Commission)

Half a mile, half a mile,
Half a mile onward,
Into the de-velop-ment
Came the One Hundred.
"Forward, the Highway Brigade!
Build the Throughway!" they said:
Into the de-velop-ment
Came the One Hundred.



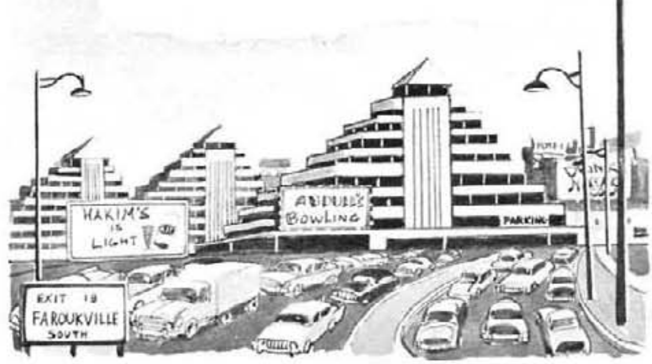
by Oliver Windfall Homes

(Written by an American Builder who is interested in furthering the cause of humanity by tearing down the Pyramids of Egypt to make way for an apartment house development, shopping center, and 345 automatic bowling alleys)

Her walls built up by laborer's sweat,
Egged on by biting lash,
Shall soon see brand new slaves therein,
As tenants paying cash.
No more shall silent stones ascend
In pointy symmetry;
Instead the crashing bowling balls
And noisy A&P.

O better that her great stonesides
Fall down now on the spot!
Until I build, the land can be
A Kinney Parking Lot;
Then when I build, my ads will say,
"Live just like a Pharaoh—
In Pyramid Park you walk to work
(If you work in Cairo)!"

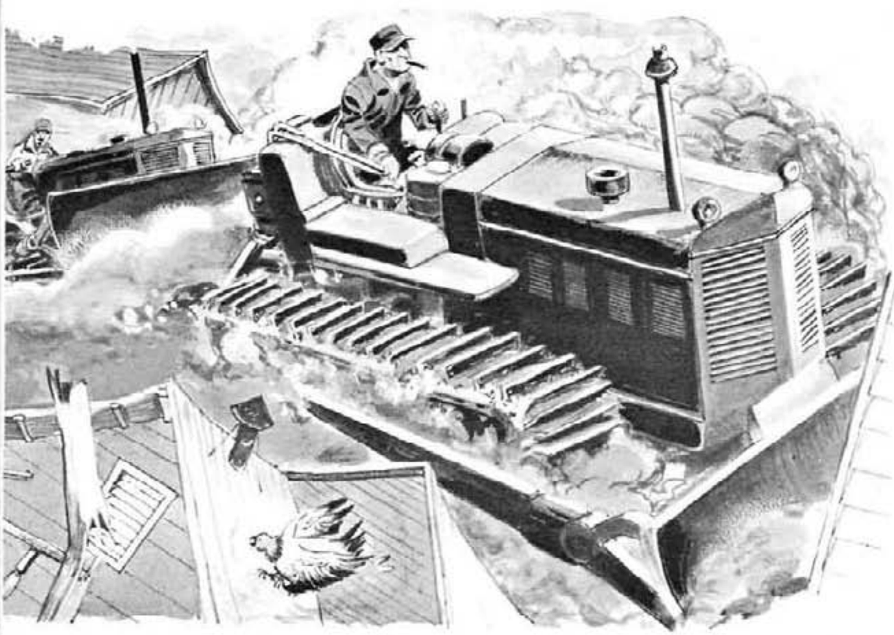




"Forward, the Highway Brigade!"
And while home-owners prayed,
Knowing their days were few,
Bulldozers thunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to pack and fly
Or else be crushed to death
By the One Hundred.

Ranches to the right of them,
Split-levels to the left of them,
Colonials in front of them
Worried and wonder'd:
Which of their homes would be
Ground to eternity,
Changed from a residence
To Exit Thirty-Three
By the One Hundred

Cape Cods to the right of them,
Cottages to the left of them,
Tudors in front of them
Shook as they thunder'd;
Soon each became a shell,
Then one by one they fell,
Two months of life, farewell,
Built by a builder who
Really had lied like Hell;
He had known all about
The coming One Hundred.



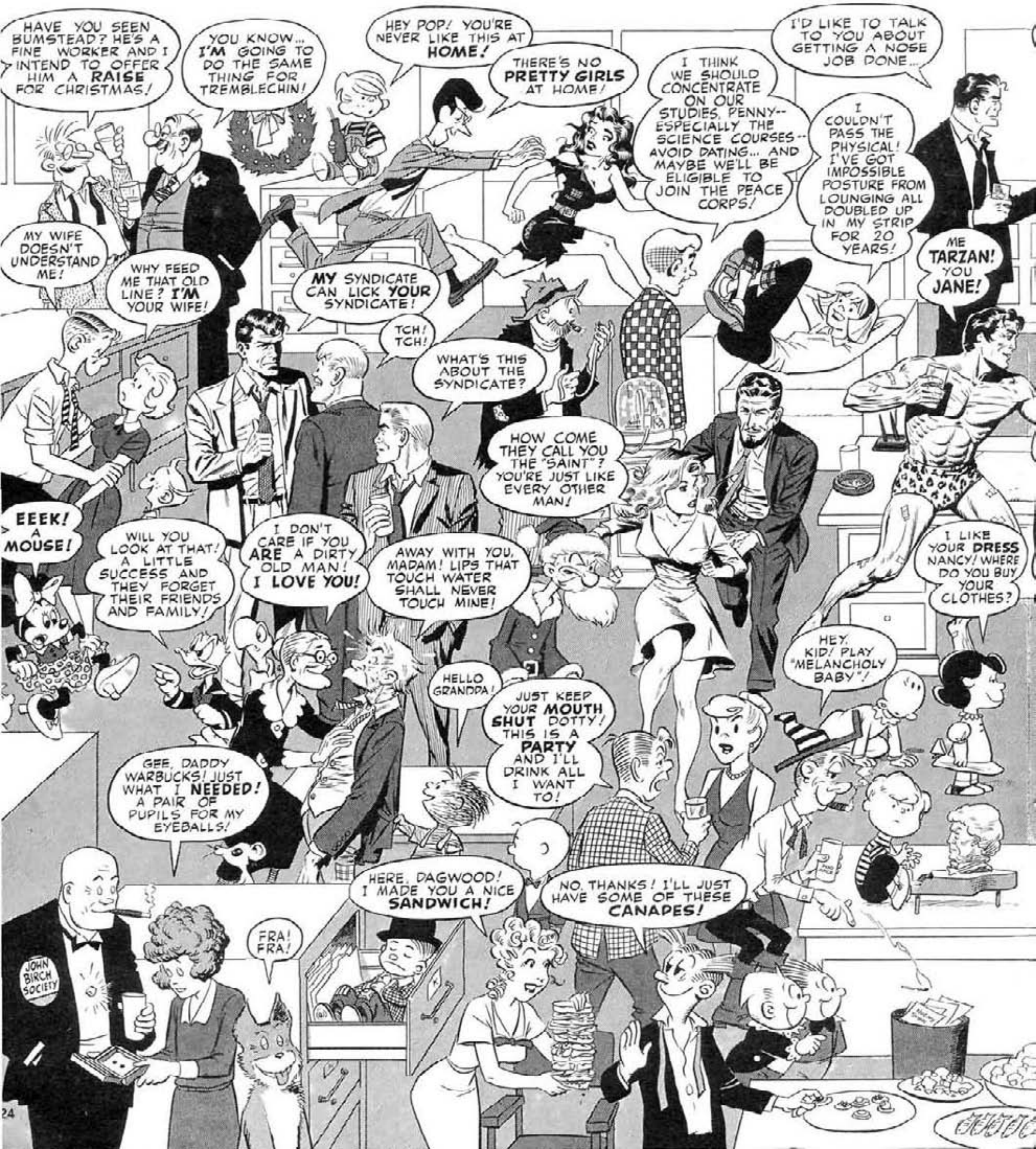
As progress sweeps the land,
Soon no more homes will stand;
Man must be plunder'd.
We'll have no place to stay,
We'll ride, on Judgment Day,
Down a State-wide highway
Built by One Hundred!



NEVER ON SUNDAY-PAGES DEPT.

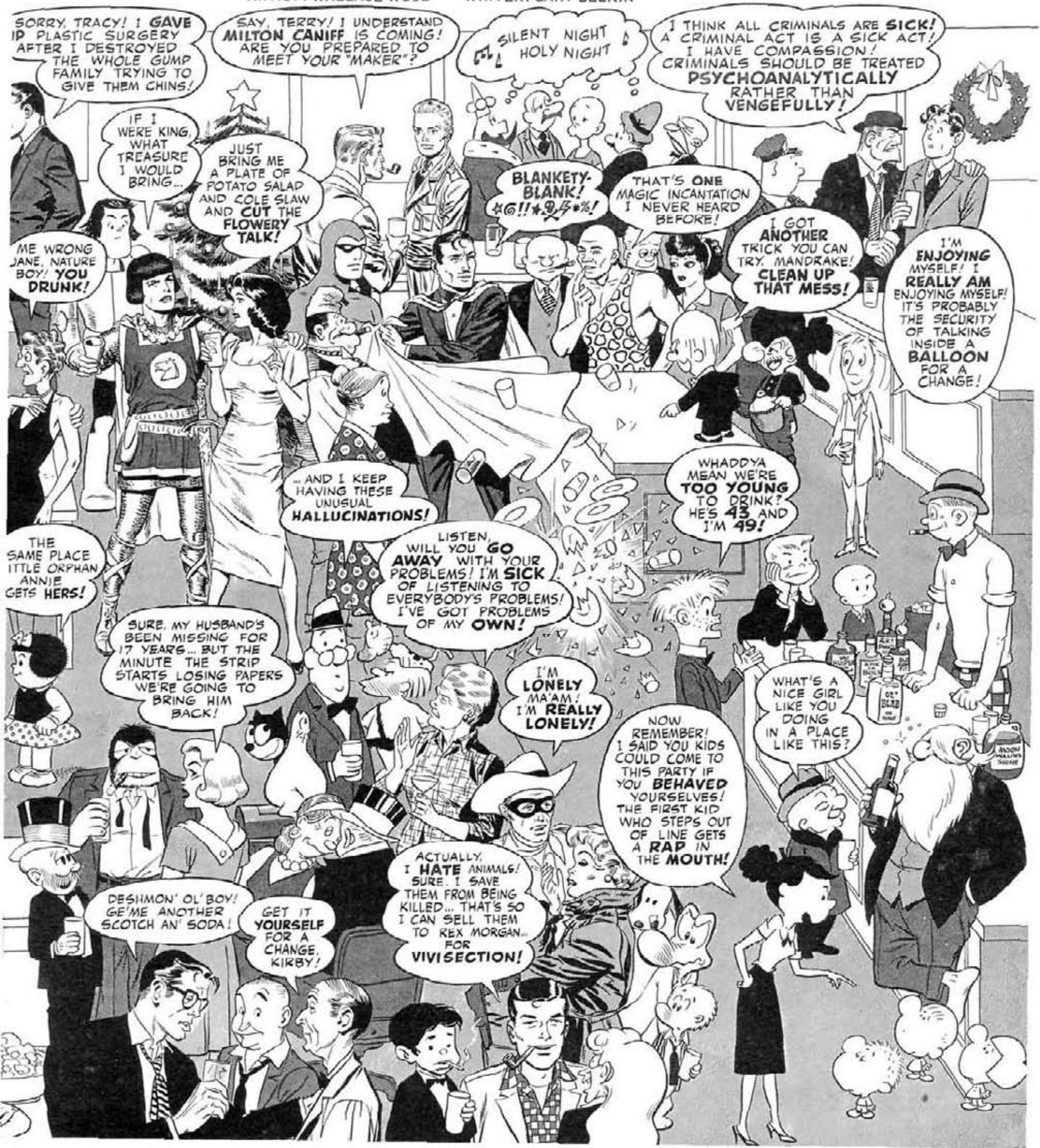
THE COMIC CHRIS-

Strange changes in personalities take place at office Christmas parties. Quiet little clerks tell off their department heads, shy bespectacled secretaries take off their glasses (and other things), old grouches suddenly love everybody, and bosses seem almost human. Mainly because there's liquor involved. But nowhere are these changes more apparent than at one of the most unpublicized Christmas parties in America . . .



STRIP CHARACTERS' XMAS PARTY

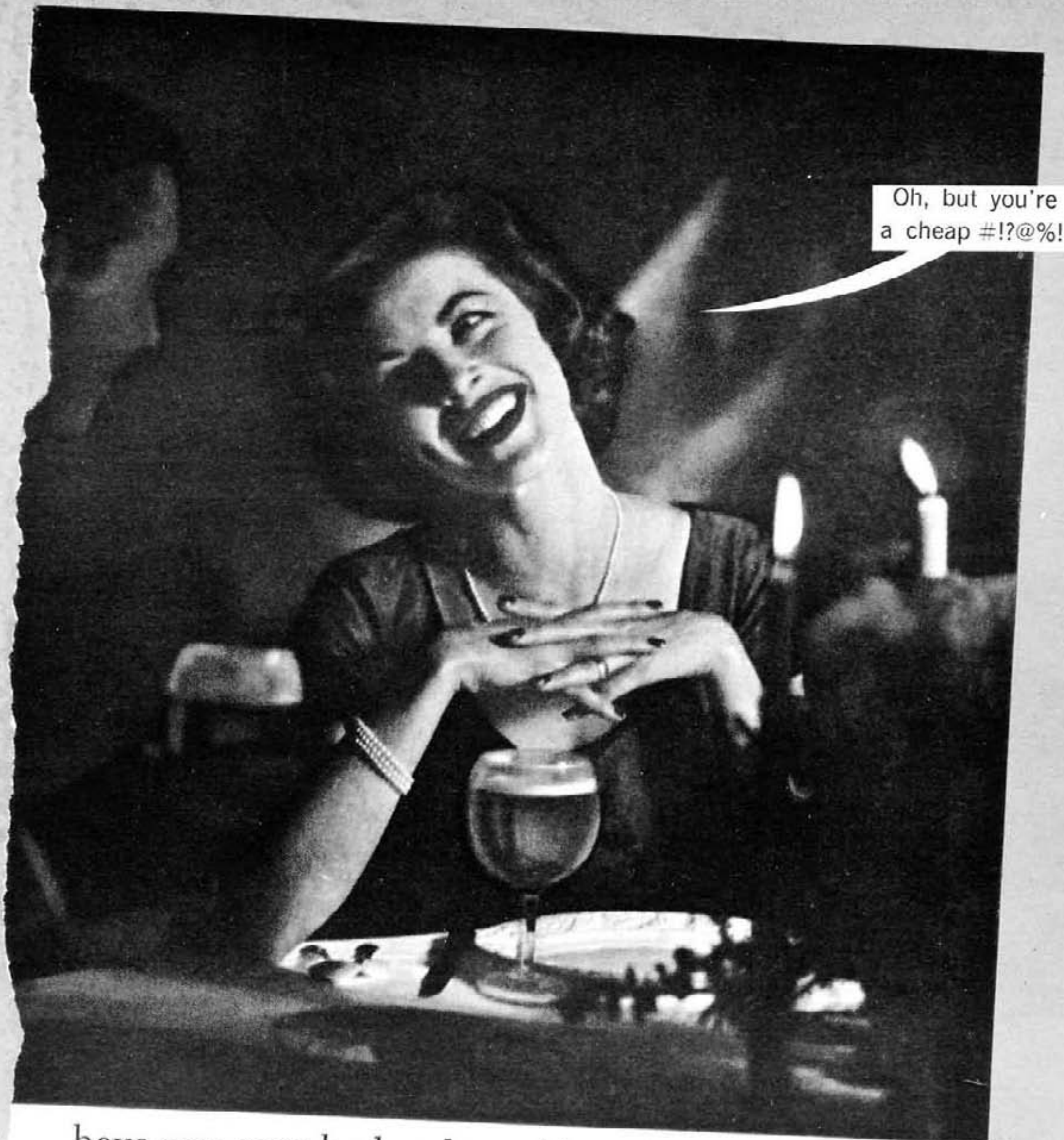
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: GARY BELKIN



"AD" LIBS DEPT.

Here we go again with the new feature in which we graphically illustrate our personal reactions to magazine advertisements by slight "MAD" editorial additions to the originals. Like f'rinstance this recent

BEER AD



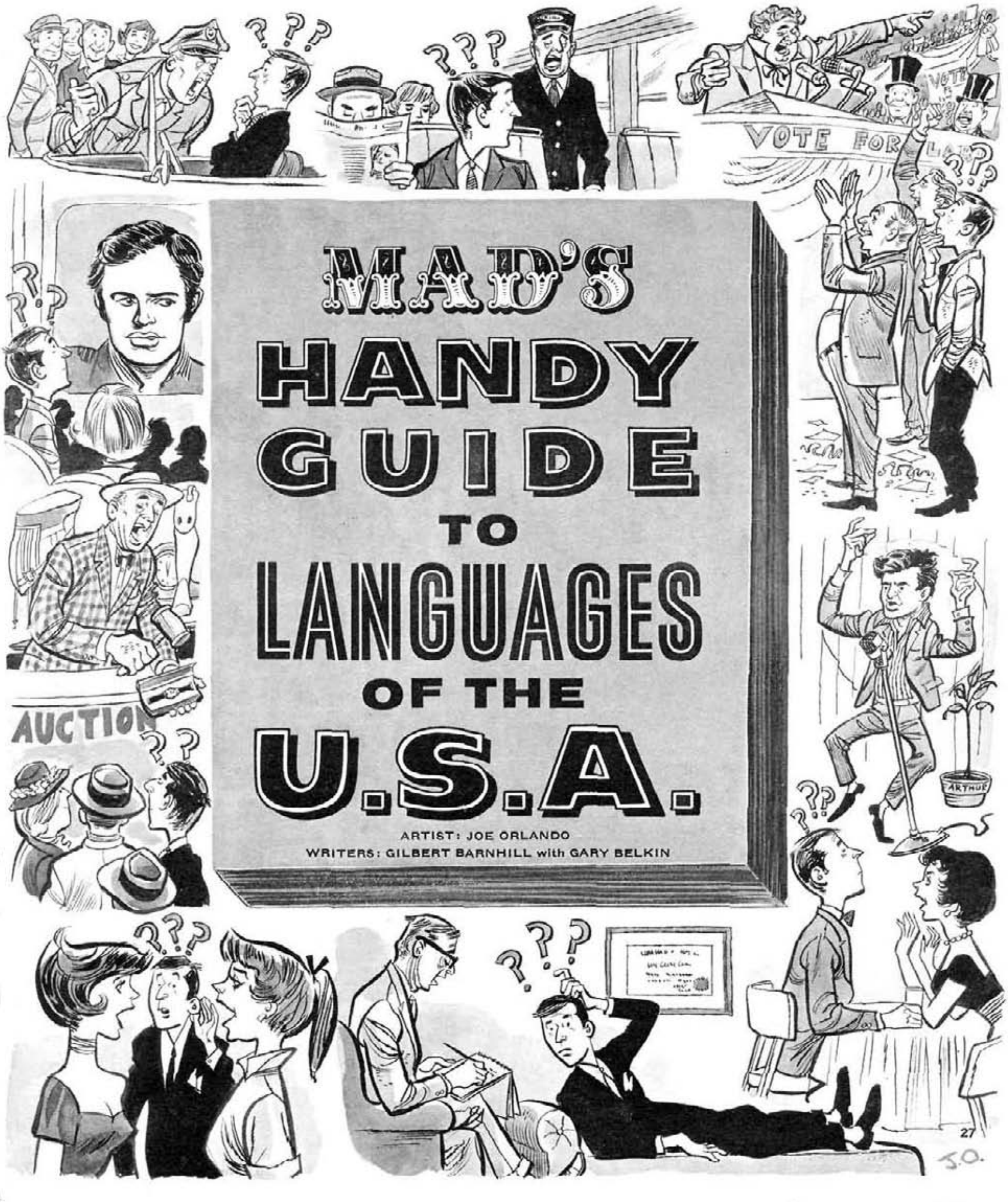
have you ever had a glass of beer by candlelight?

Sometime soon—tonight?—why don't you both go out to your favorite restaurant or tavern. The change will do you good. Now, one thing you must do—have beer. We've never been able to put our finger on the reason, but beer tastes simply marvelous by candlelight. Perhaps it's the way beer sparkles in the soft glow. Perhaps it's the very delightful lift it gives to a meal. Isn't it time you discovered the special reward in good beer or ale with fine food? The candles are lighted. Your table is waiting.

THE UNITED STATES BREWERS ASSOCIATION, INC.
. . . whose members make today's finest beer and ale

WATCH MY LINE DEPT.

There are handy phrase books available to Americans traveling to Iceland, Greenland, Poland, etc., which help them to understand the foreign languages spoken in these countries. However, there are no handy phrase books available to Americans remaining at home which help them to understand some of the foreign languages spoken right here in the good ol' U.S.A. . . . in places like Wall Street, Madison Avenue and Televisionland. And so, in order to fill this great need, the Editors present



INTERPRETING THE LANGUAGE OF MADISON AVENUE

"This is a very thorough presentation, Sudbury, and I want you to know that I appreciate the work you've put into finalizing it!"	"If I have anything to say about it, you will never get out of the Mail Room!"
"Just talking off the top of my head, I would say it looks pretty good!"	"I've been trying to think of the same thing all week!"
"Of course, you realize that the advertising and promotion of automobile crankshafts is still a relatively new area for exploration and exploitation, and being of such a complicated and diverse nature, I'll have to give this prospectus some long, careful, deliberate, and thoughtful consideration before arriving at a conclusion as to its ultimate merits!"	"I don't make any of the decisions around here!"
"If it looks like it has what it takes, I'll send it over to the 'Consumer Research, Reaction, and Usage' boys for a test-run examination and analysis, motivational-wise and psychological-wise!"	"I'll send it over to my Brother-in-law, and he'll try to guess whether or not it will work!"

"If they like it, I'll take it back under advisement, and give it my personal attention – expanding – polishing, fertilizing and developing!"	"I'll copy the whole thing over in my own handwriting!"



"You may not recognize the end-product . . ."	"And then I'll put my name on it!"
"But don't let that discourage you. Anytime you get another germ of an idea, remember that the door to my office is always open!"	"If I steal six more ideas like this by December, I get a Christmas bonus!"

INTERPRETING THE LANGUAGE OF SALESMEN

"Looking for a good used car, eh? Well, I've got a real honey that just came on the lot!"	"Looking for trouble, eh? Well, I've got a real lemon here that I've been trying to get rid of for six months!"
"This baby will give you years of trouble-free transportation!"	"However, I'll only guarantee it for 30 days, except parts and labor!"
"It's a one-owner car–"	"The Acme Finance Company!"
"With low mileage on it!"	"The speedometer's busted . . ."
"And it's never been driven over 50 miles an hour . . ."	"Because it won't go any faster . . ."
"It's a good clean car!"	"We just washed it!"
"And it's spotless inside!"	"We forgot to roll up the windows during last night's rainstorm!"
"A two-toned beauty!"	"*Half the paint is faded!*"
"Starts up almost instantly!"	"The battery's been on charge all day!"

"I have the garage service records, and I can show you this car has never had to be repaired!"	"It's ready to start wearing out the minute you drive it off the lot!"
"And don't worry about money! We use Bank Financing!"	"We borrow the money from a bank at 5% and charge you 12%!"



"You can rely on us because we depend on repeat customers to stay in business!"	"Anybody idiotic enough to buy a car from us is idiotic enough to come back again!"

INTERPRETING THE LANGUAGE OF EXECUTIVES

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I invited you all to gather here this afternoon to introduce you to Mr. Herkimer Asmuth!"	"By 'invited,' I mean there will be no overtime pay for the night shift, even though they had to get out of bed to attend this meeting!"



"Mr. Asmuth is part of this company's long range executive expansion program . . ."	"Another one of my daughters got married. By 'long range,' I mean I still got two daughters to go!"
". . . and he will assume the position of 'Executive Staff Personnel Advisor to the President's Office'!"	"It doesn't sound so much like featherbedding if the title is big enough!"
"He comes to us direct from Baldwin & Benedict University, where he was tops in his class!"	"As a Major in Greek Mythology!"
"I feel that this bright young executive has a real future with our company!"	"Naturally, if they invent a machine to replace him, we won't buy it!"
"I am confident that everyone here will pitch in and help Mr. Asmuth learn the ropes!"	"For heaven's sake, *keep an eye on him so* he doesn't make some fool mistake that would put us out of business!"
"So, let's all make him feel welcome!"	"No funny pictures on the Bulletin Board, or obscene comments in the Suggestion Box, please!"
"That's all I have to say at this time!"	"Your lunch hour is over, so back to work!"

INTERPRETING THE LANGUAGE OF UNION VS. MANAGEMENT

UNIONS

"Because the cost of living has gone up faster than the Company's wages, many of the Union members are going broke!"	"The Union raised its dues again, and some of its members can't afford to pay them, so we want our demands met this time!"
"Our ultimate and final demand is a 25¢ an hour pay increase!"	"We will accept a 5¢ an hour raise!"
"We demand 4 weeks vacation with pay; two weeks in the Summer and two weeks in the Winter, plus all Holidays including St. Patrick's Day and Halloween, with each worker getting his birthday off!"	"As far as vacations and time off go, things are all right the way they are: *Two weeks with pay,* and Holidays!"
"We demand a 30-hour work week, consisting of 5 six-hour days, or 4 seven-and-a-half hour days!"	"We really think this demand is ridiculous, but our membership will love us for asking!"
"We propose that, for the good of the Company, all overtime be eliminated in favor of hiring more manpower!"	"We don't care if you hire anybody else or not, as long as you don't fire anybody!"

MANAGEMENT

"Because of the Union's absurd demands during the last contract negotiations, the Company is now going broke!"	"The Company's profits are down to $9,000,000, so we want our demands met this time!"
"Our ultimate and final offer is to cut wages 25¢ an hour!"	"A 5¢ an hour raise is as high as we will go!"
"We refuse to offer anything more than one week vacation without pay, and Easter Sunday off!"	"As far as vacations and time off go, things are all right the way they are: *Two weeks with pay,* and Holidays!"
"We demand a 55 hour work-week, consisting of 7 eight hour days with one hour off on Sundays for church!"	"We really think this demand is ridiculous, but our stockholders will love us for asking!"
"We have always been a friend of Labor, and will certainly consider hiring as many men as possible!"	"If there is some way of doing without any of you, we would! Rest assured we're looking into Automation!"

INTERPRETING THE LANGUAGE OF TELEVISION

"The program originally scheduled for this time will not be seen . . ."	"Some idiot in Master Control accidentally erased the tape!"
"The following program is brought to you in Living Color . . ."	"We've been presenting color programs for five years now! When the hell are you people out there going to start buying color TV sets?"
"Tonight's show is brought to you spontaneous and unrehearsed!"	"Nobody showed up for rehearsal, so we're going to read the whole thing off the Teleprompter!"
"America's newest television game . . ."	"Quiz Shows are back!"
"Here to try for the $500 jackpot . . ."	"Only the prizes ain't what they used to be since the investigations!"
"And now, before I introduce . . ."	"Here's the first commercial . . ."
"Our group had 47% fewer cavities . . ."	"Mainly because we've got 57% fewer teeth!"
"Our first guest has a very unusual voice . . ."	"This girl can't sing!"



"She's one of America's great song stylists . . ."	"So she covers up her lack of talent by screaming!"

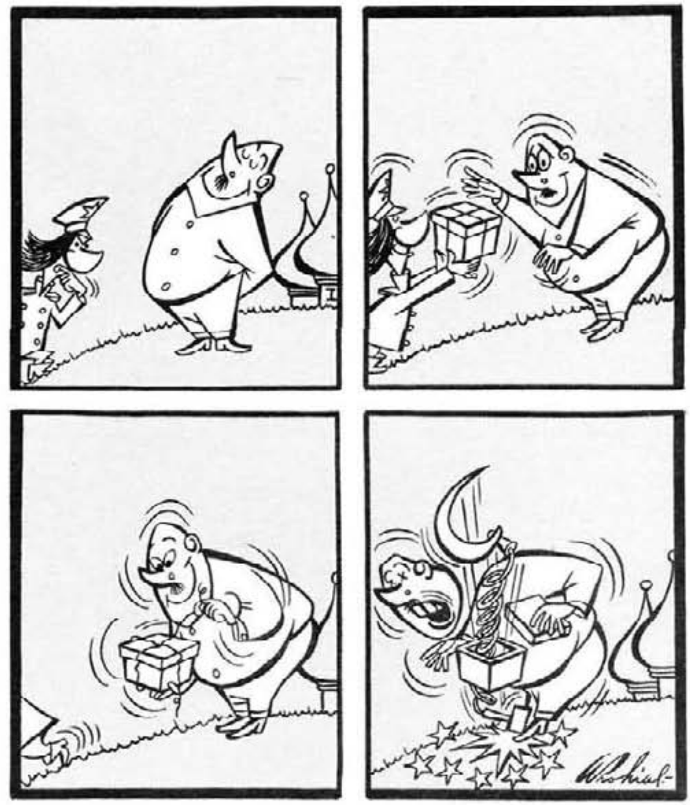
"I'm sure you'll enjoy listening to her . . ."	"Because she's funnier than our comedian!"
"And now, here's a word from our alternate sponsor . . ."	"Bet you didn't think we had the nerve to throw in another commercial!"

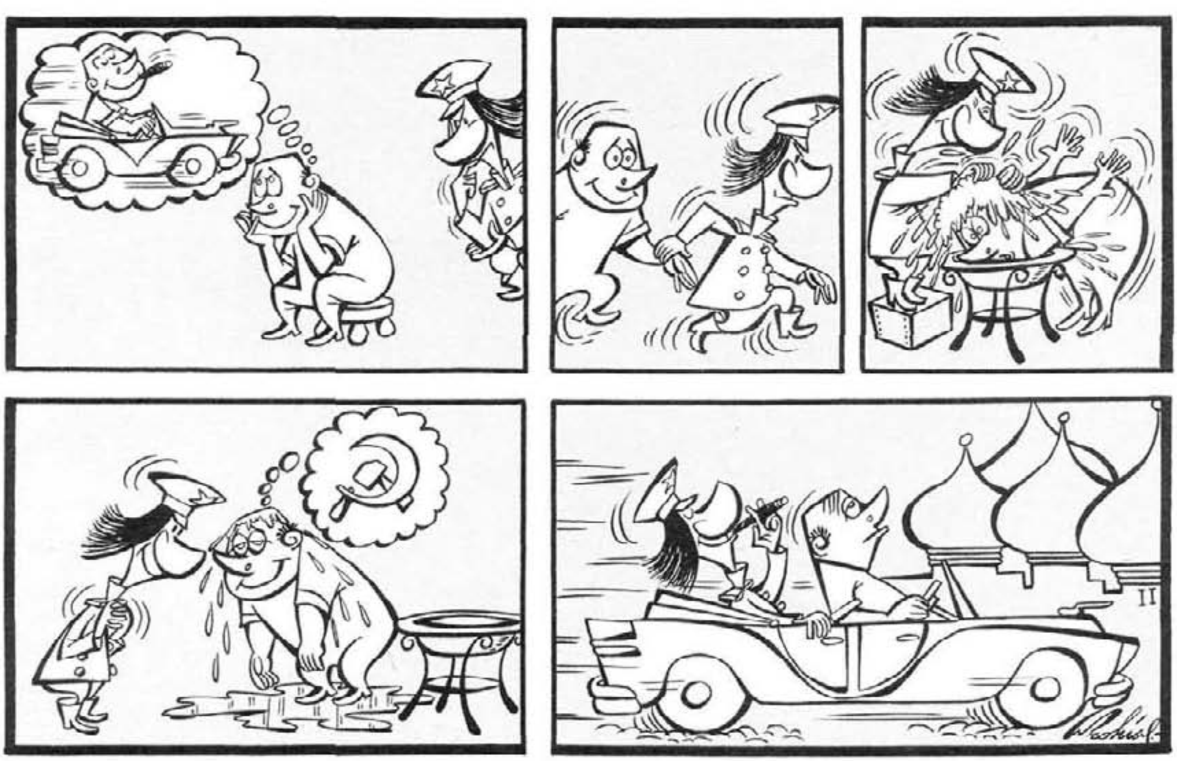


"It's just like a Doctor's prescription . . ."	"Overpriced!"
"Our next guest is a different kind of comedian . . ."	"He doesn't get any laughs!"
"You'll be hearing a lot about him in the next few months . . ."	"He's running around with a married woman!"
"And now . . . a short pause for station identification . . ."	"Which includes a one-minute commercial, a 30-second network promotion, a 10-second spot ad, and another one-minute commercial—so here's your chance to grab a snack!"
"Come in, 'Mystery Guest' — and sign in, please!"	"Come in, whichever movie star happens to be in town tonight, and plug your latest picture . . ."
"The following program is brought to you as a Public Service . . ."	"Our Sales Department couldn't line up a sponsor for this bomb!"
"This station is a subscriber to the Television Code . . ."	"It makes for interesting reading, even though we ignore it!"

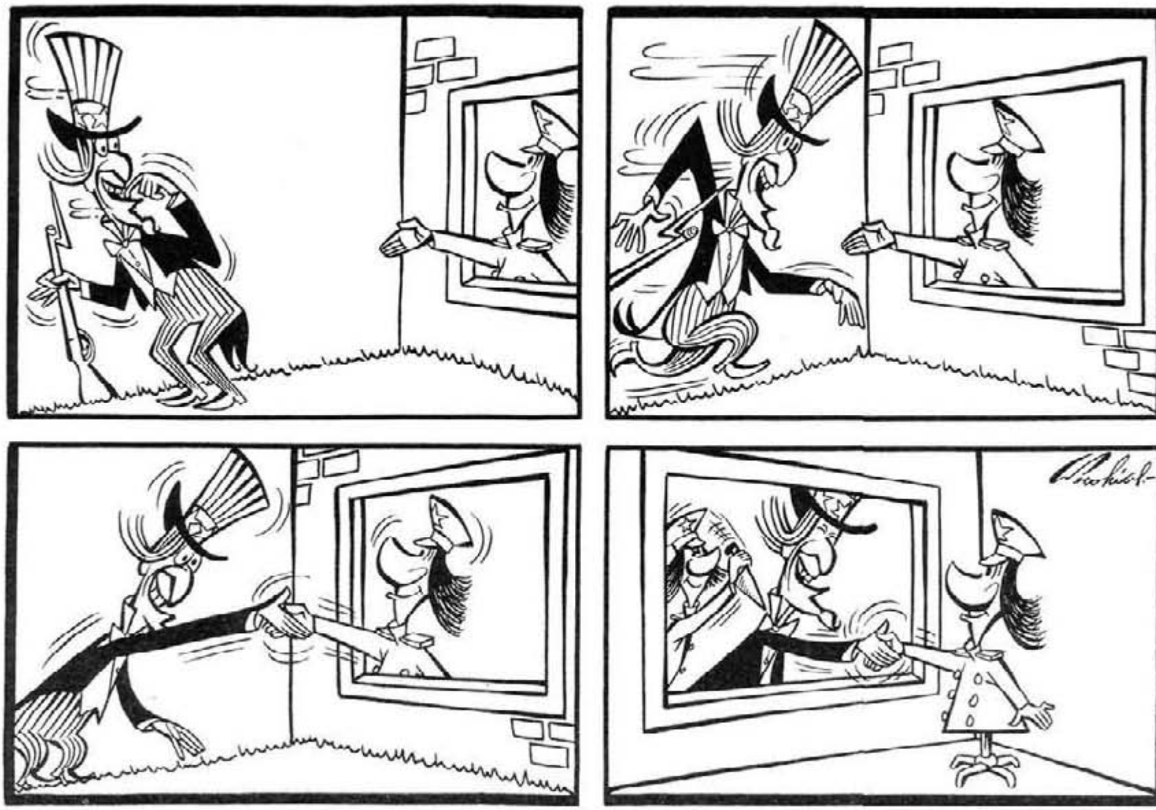


Many readers have expressed interest in seeing the type of anti-Communist cartoons Antonio Prohias was doing in Cuba before he was forced to flee for his life. Here are some examples of a Prohias feature which was run daily in "Prensa Libre," a Havana newspaper which was ordered to cease publication in May '60 by an infuriated Castro.

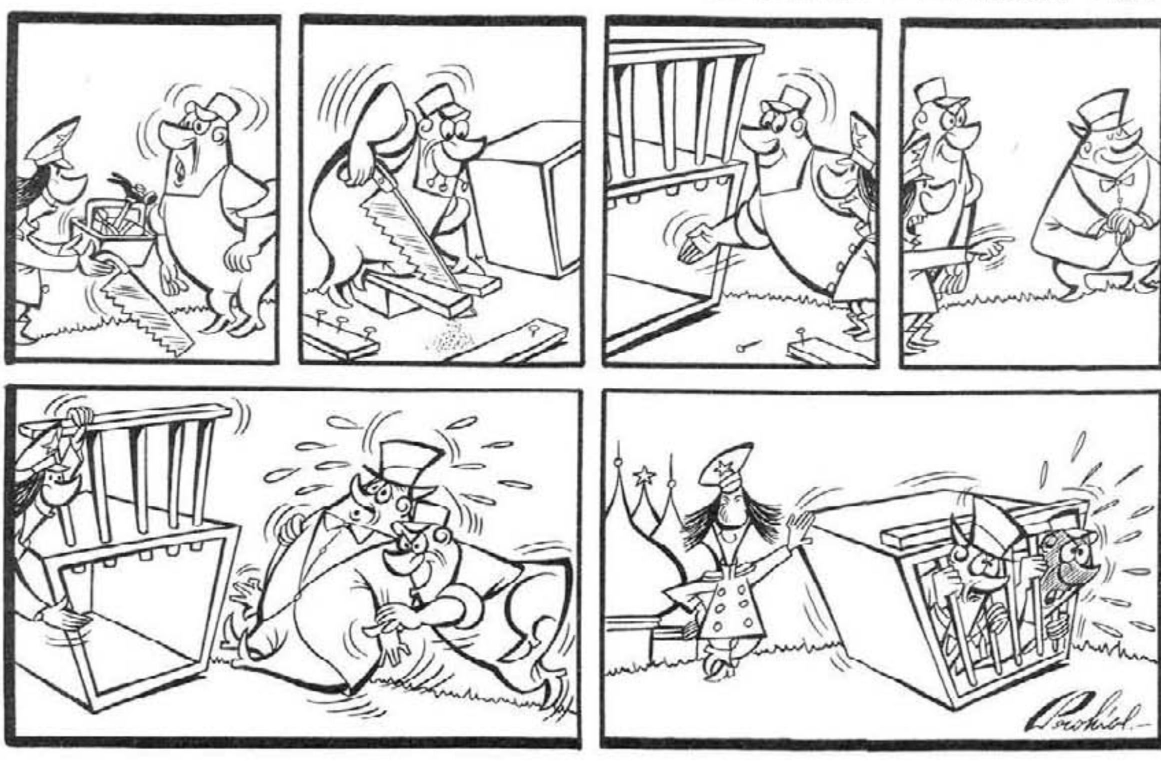




•• If it made RALPH MEEKER, and drove CORNEL WILDE, why was WALTER ABEL?



** We saw SID CAESAR, but who was WILLIAM HOLDEN?



You MAD readers who, through some extraordinary combination of luck and circumstance, found yourselves newly arrived on college campuses this year, may now be wondering whether or not to join a fraternity—in the unlikely event that you might be asked. During the "Rushing Season," suave frat men will woo you with extravagant sales pitches for their organizations—and since most of you are undoubtedly naive and inexperienced clods, you may be completely snowed under by this deluge of propaganda. To educate you, and at the same time protect you, MAD now turns a very skeptical eye on the claims that are made by . . .

College Fraternities

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: DON REILLY

WHAT THEY SAY... WHAT WE SAY...

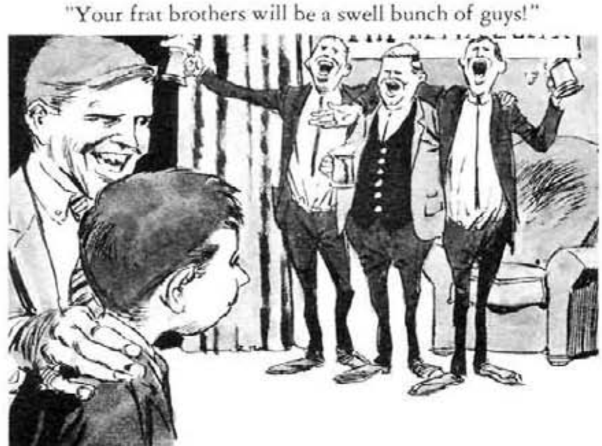
"You'll live in a beautiful, impressive house!"





Make sure you come back and inspect the premises carefully in broad daylight!

"Your frat brothers will be a swell bunch of guys!"





Be sure you meet *all* the members. They usually hide the clods and creeps until after Rushing Season!

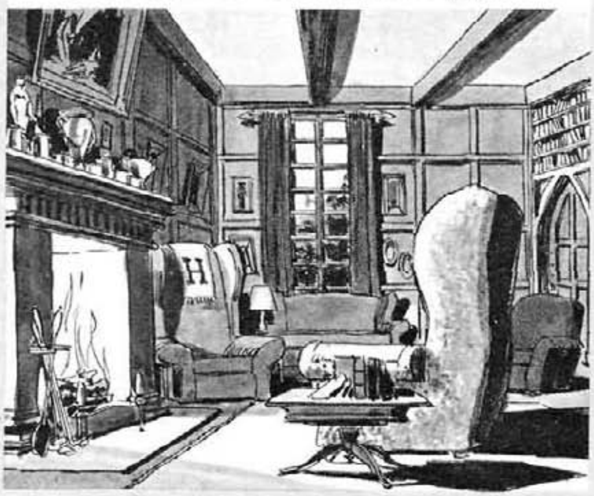
"You'll eat delicious home-cooked meals!"





Get a peek at the kitchen and the cook—because they probably *sent out* for the meal they gave you!

"You'll enjoy attractive, comfortable living quarters!"





Only you won't be sleeping in the living room, so you'd better take a look upstairs! (*Eccchh!*)

"Upperclass brothers will help with your homework!"





—By making it impossible to do it—or get any studying done unless you flee to the library!

"You'll participate in extracurricular activities!"





—At your own risk, of course!

"You'll learn about good citizenship by working on various civic projects!"





And you'll learn about jails—if you're caught!

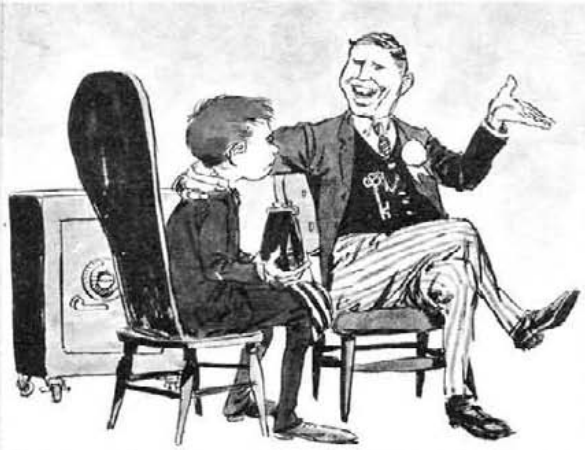
"You'll have a great time at all the terrific parties!"

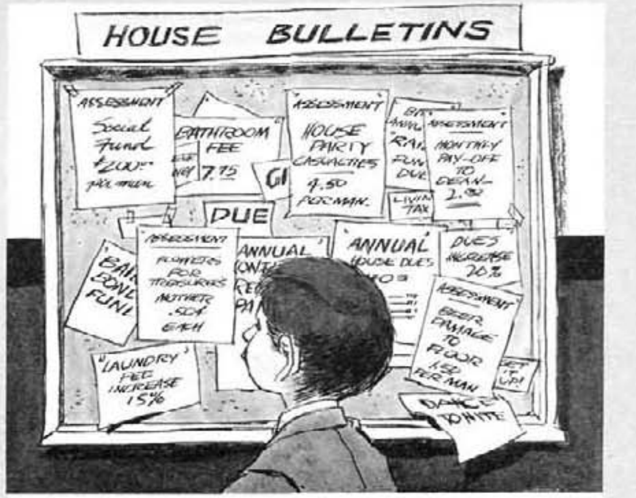




—If your idea of having a great time is watching a lot of other guys throw up!

"The small cost of your fraternity membership will prove to be a profitable investment!"





—Profitable is right! For the fraternity treasury!

"You'll join in the crazy stunts, humorous gags, and general fun when new members are initiated!"



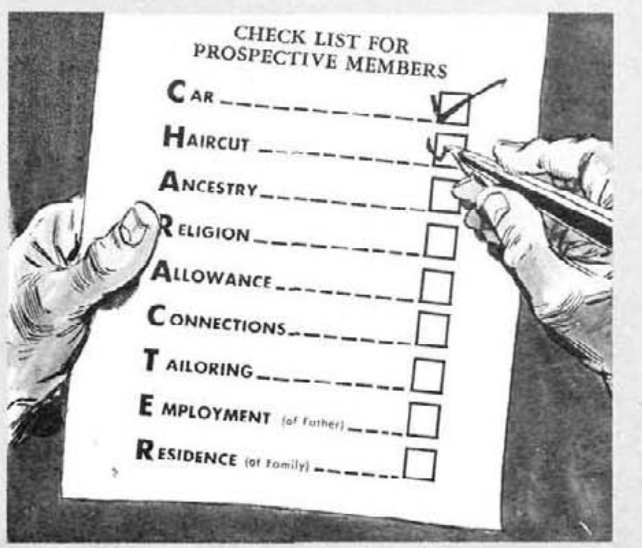


During wartime, "stunts" and "gags" like these are known as "Atrocities"!

** Did DONNA REED the letter she saw THERESA WRIGHT?

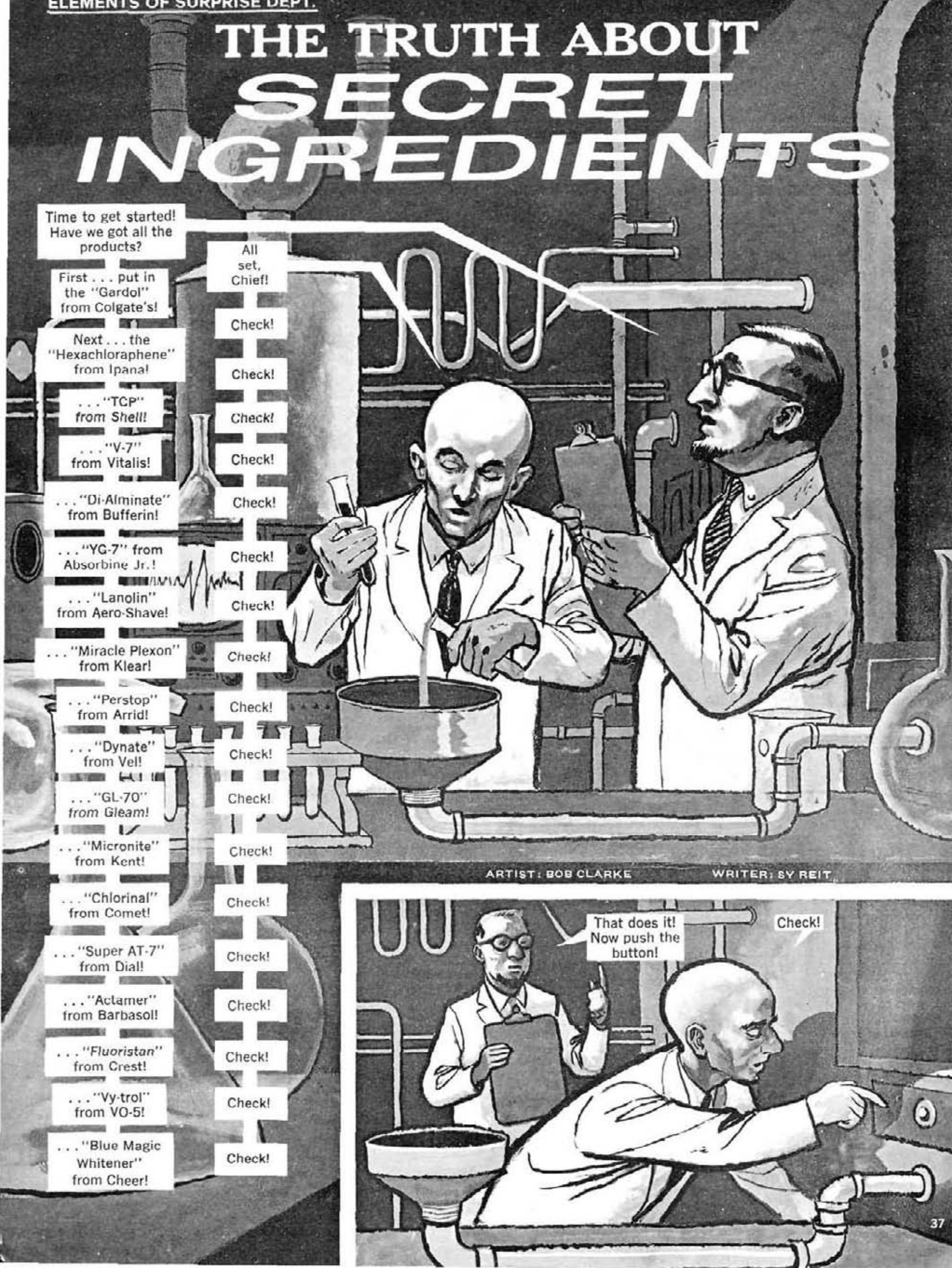
"Frats judge prospective members by their CHARACTER!"



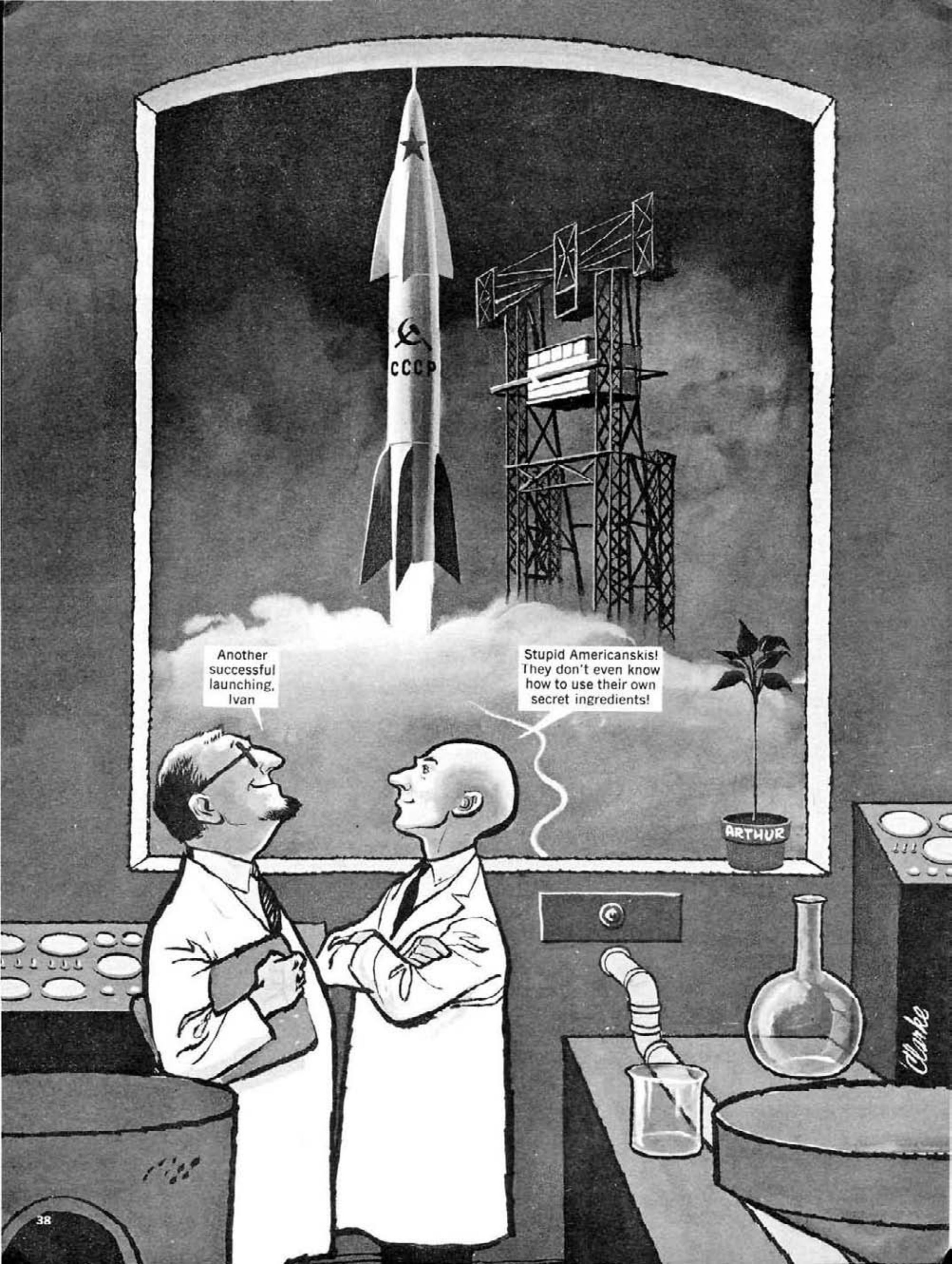


ELEMENTS OF SURPRISE DEPT.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SECRET INGREDIENTS

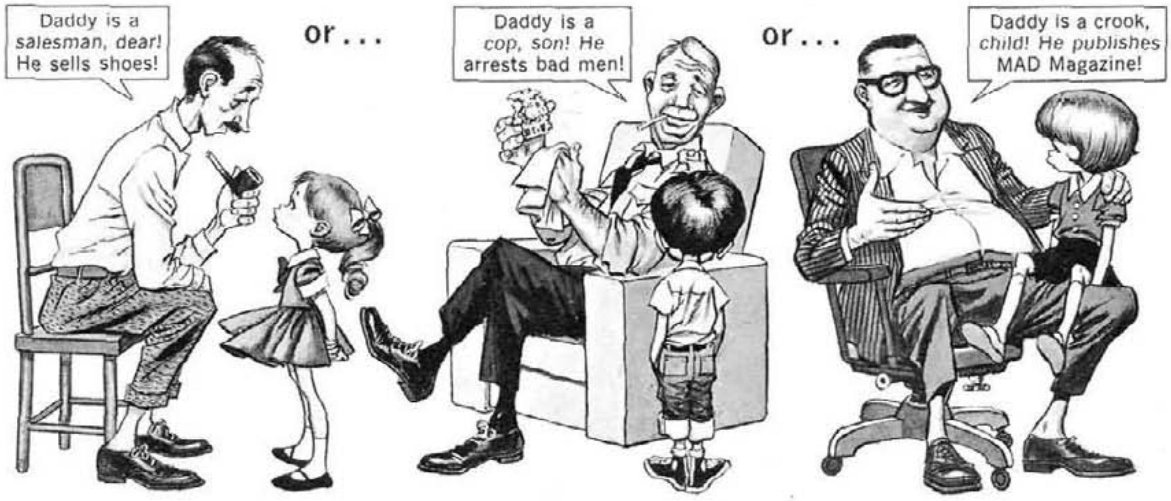


ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: SY REIT


CCCP
Another successful launching, Ivan
Stupid Americanskis! They don't even know how to use their own secret ingredients!
ARTHUR
Clarke

POP'S CONCERT DEPT.

There will come a time in the life of every father when his little son or daughter will suddenly ask, "What do you do for a living, Daddy?" For most fathers, this question poses no great problem. They will merely say . . .



However, in the high-powered age we live in today, there are many fathers who make their livings in complicated ways (called "rackets") as trained experts (called "phony experts"). These guys are really stuck when it comes to explaining to their innocent offspring how they make a buck. The child, being young and naive, tends to see things in basic, simple, and unsophisticated terms. Take the following cases of fathers with complicated occupations. Here's what can happen when their kids ask . . .

WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING, DADDY?

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

WRITER: DON REILLY



A PSYCHIATRIST



DOMESTIC RELATIONS COUNSELOR

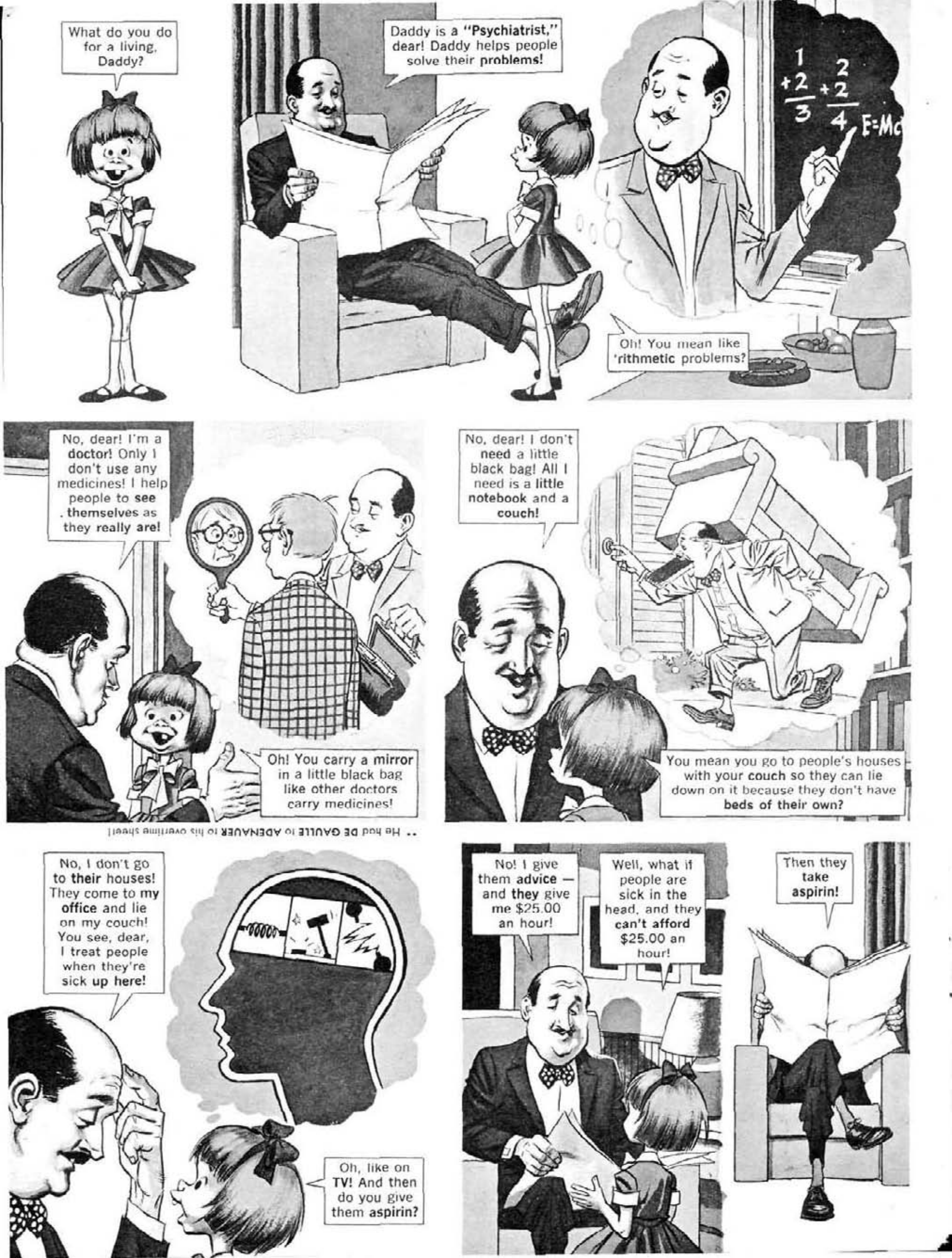


PUBLIC RELATIONS MAN



CHILD GUIDANCE CONSULTANT

** Who did PATTI PAGE and BARBARA HALE?



What do you do for a living, Daddy?
Daddy is a "Psychiatrist," dear! Daddy helps people solve their problems!
1 +2 3 2 +2 4 E=Mc
Oh! You mean like 'rithmetic problems?
No, dear! I'm a doctor! Only I don't use any medicines! I help people to see themselves as they really are!
Oh! You carry a mirror in a little black bag like other doctors carry medicines!
No, dear! I don't need a little black bag! All I need is a little notebook and a couch!
You mean you go to people's houses with your couch so they can lie down on it because they don't have beds of their own?
•• He had DE GAULLE to ADENAUER to his overtime sheet!
No, I don't go to their houses! They come to my office and lie on my couch! You see, dear, I treat people when they're sick up here!
Oh, like on TV! And then do you give them aspirin?
No! I give them advice — and they give me $25.00 an hour!
Well, what if people are sick in the head, and they can't afford $25.00 an hour!
Then they take aspirin!


What do you do for a living, Daddy?
Daddy is a "Domestic Relations Counselor", son!
DOMESTIC RELATIONS
Is that like a Camp Counselor, Daddy? Do you wear a whistle, and swear a lot?
No, no, son! Daddy steps in and stops married people from fighting!
Oh! You mean you're a Referee— like on the Gillette Cavalcade of Sports?
No! Daddy talks people out of wrecking their home!
But if they want to wreck their house, why don't you let them? It's their house, isn't it?
They don't want to wreck their house! They want to break up their home!
But how can they break up their home without wrecking their HOUSE?
Now you're asking a lot of stupid questions . . . just like your mother!!
Who's stupid— you moron??!!
Daddy? If we're gonna break up our home, can I start on the windows?


What do you do for a living, Daddy?
Why, I'm a "Public Relations Man," son! People hire me to write things about them!
DUNCE
Why? Are they dumb or something that they can't write about themselves?
No, it's just that they need me to paint an attractive public image of them!
You mean you're an artist!!?
That's right! Only I use a typewriter instead of a brush!
But doesn't it get the keys all sticky and gooey?
HAR! HAR! That's a good one! I'll have to remember that the next time I make a pitch to a client!
DRINK
Gee, Daddy! You mean you're a pitcher, too!?
Only when I take a client out to lunch and try to get him to play ball with me, heh-heh-heh!
BAW!
Now what's the matter?
BAW! It's not fair! You play ball all day—but every time I ask you to have a catch with me, you say you're too tired!
ARTHUR

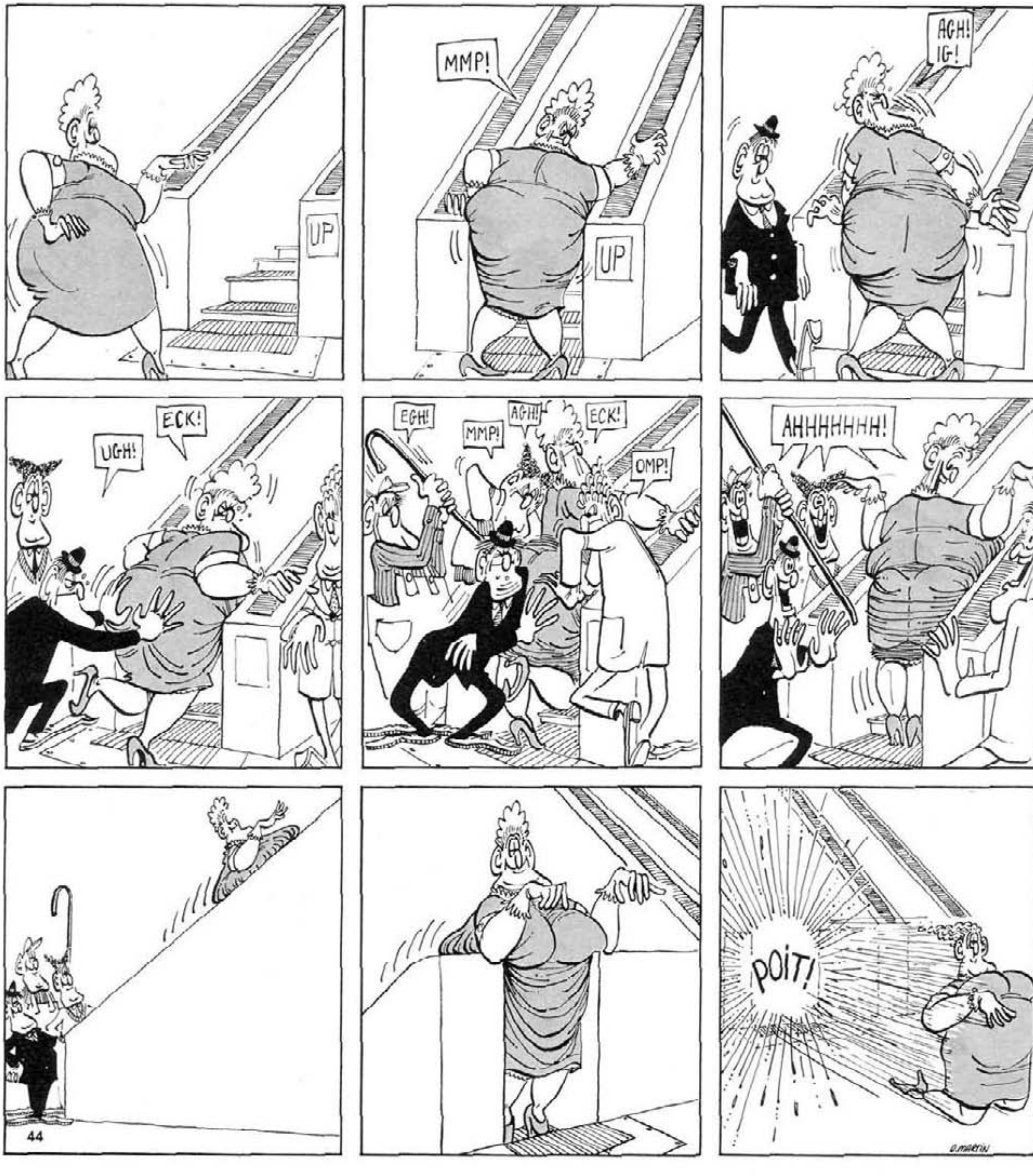


* I saw CHARLIE DRESSEN, but what was FRED WARING?

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

And now, Don Martin, who's been having his "ups" and "downs" lately, tells about the time traffic was tied up for a while, until some steps were taken to unblock the jam on . . .

THE ESCALATOR



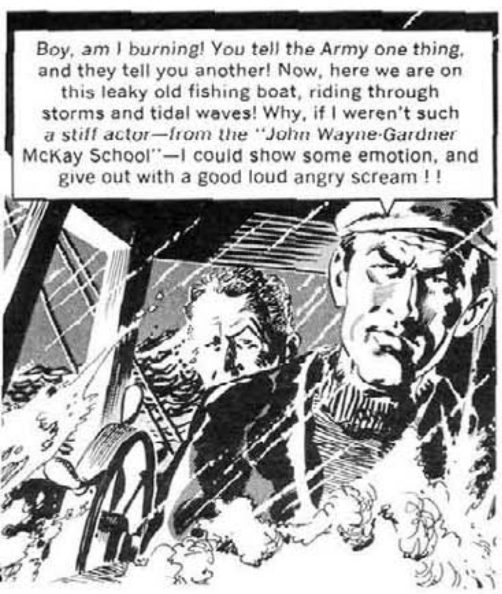
ALL HELLAS BREAKS LOOSE DEPT.

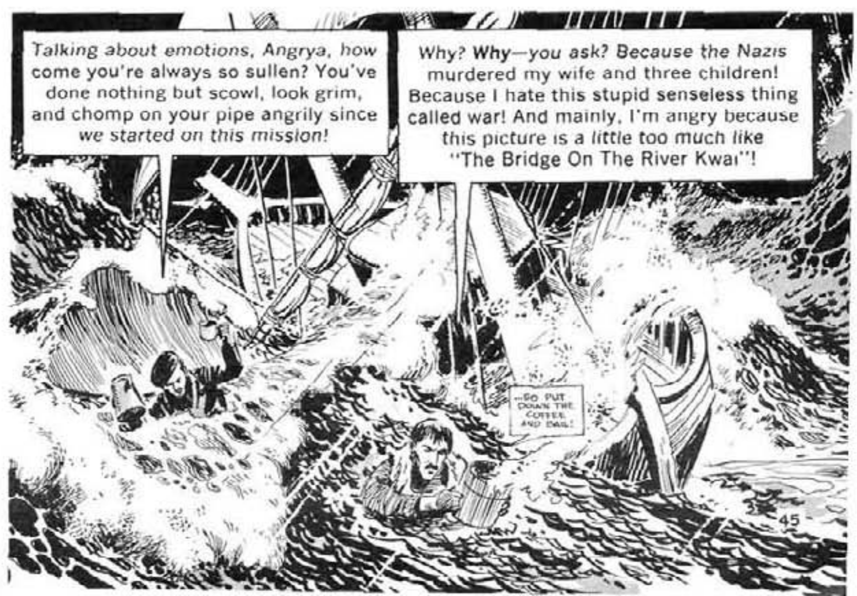
War pictures were once pretty simple. They had the good guys (us!), and the bad guys (them!). Talk was at a minimum, and action prevailed. Namely, the good guys killed the bad guys! Nowadays, war pictures are filled with philosophical discussions about killing and causes and who's good and who's bad and who's right and who's wrong and who cares! All of which has resulted in MAD's developing a philosophy of its own when it comes to this latest trend . . . MAD's philosophy being: if you can't join 'em (because they make you nauseous) then beat 'em (by satirizing 'em)! Which is exactly what we do with this latest philosophical war movie:

"THE GUNS OF MINESTRONE"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL








Tough luck, men! The sentry spotted us when we reached the top of this cliff, and four thousand Germans are rushing by truck to attack us at this very moment! Which means this is a perfect time to chat calmly and intelligently about the horrors and futility of "War"...
The way I see it, philosophically, "War" is a rough game! Personally, I prefer much easier games—like "Go Fish"—or "Old Maid"—or "Steal The Old Man's Bundle"...
Captain Malingerer, Look! The Major is wounded! Major Frankly, are you all right? Is it a minor injury—or are you hurt badly enough to spout some typical wounded-man war-movie-clichés?
I'm hurt bad (cough, cough)—so here go with the clichés!
Men, I want you to abandon this entire mission, and evacuate me to London immediately! I want you all to give up eating, sleeping, and fighting to guard me night and day and make me comfortable. I want my wound changed every 15 minutes, and don't ever let me be in pain! I hate pain because it makes me cry! Well, I guess that about covers it!
Tell me, Major! Just what war pictures have you been seeing lately? I think you better try your lines again.
** Every time it takes RICHARD LONG, EDD BYRNES!
Sorry! How's this—?
Forget me, fellows! Leave me here to die while you finish the mission! All I need is a little water and a cigarette. Give this letter to my wife. And before you go, cut off my leg with a rusty bayonet!
Actually, there's nothing wrong with my leg, but it should make a marvelously dramatic scene! I'm great at wincing and teeth-gritting!
That's much better, but still not perfect! You forgot to tell us not to get you a doctor because it's too late for a doctor! It's always too late for a doctor in scenes like this!
And here's a pistol, so you can try to shoot yourself because you don't want to be a burden on us, only we'll stop you just in time! That's always an exciting bit!
Well, here we are at the top of this mountain—a bit weary after 24 hours in a raging sea and 19 hours of cliff-climbing—but still strong enough to fight off an entire German division with our water-soaked guns and drenching wet ammunition!
While I'm re-loading my gun, I would like to utter another calm and deliberate bit of anti-war philosophy—
The way I see it, Germans are nasty! But we needn't be as nasty as they, because nastiness is not nice! If we can be nice while they're nasty, then our niceness will be nicer than their nastiness, providing ours isn't nasty niceness, but nice niceness! And that's why war is nasty... or nice—I forget which!
Well, here we are at the ruined temple, after wiping out an entire German division, which is the usual custom for 6-man good-guy patrols in movies like this! Now, if only some typically hard-bitten, grimy, bedraggled, war-weary Greek Resistance Fighters would show up to lead us to the fortress at Minestrone, we'd be set... Well, speak of the Devil!!
Hello, fellows! We're two typical, hard-bitten, grimy, bedraggled, war-weary Greek Resistance Fighters who are here to help you on your mission! Henna, here, however, is much more typical than me—since she's more beautiful, wears more make-up, and is a better kisser in battlefield love scenes!



Achtung! You are all under arrest! Come vit us! The SS has vays of dealink vit saboteurs. Ve haf been studying old Otto Preminger and Erich Von Stroheim movies!
Well, men! They've captured us! Literally, perhaps—but not philosophically! The way I see it, men may be in chains . . . but their hearts remain free, providing there are no chains on their hearts!
I beg to differ with you, Captain! The way I see it, we may be chained men with free hearts who are going to be tortured and shot—but there are far more important things that matter! For example, thank goodness we've got our health!
So! now ve haf you locked up inside this impregnable prison — vich means just vun t'ing-g-gh . . . ghk!
Exactly! It means this is the time for a preposterous escape scene!
Well, now that we've escaped from the Nazis, what war-movie-cliché can we work next? Oh—I have it! Is there a young kid from Brooklyn here who thinks he's too young to die? . . . No, I guess not! Hmmm! Let me see! I'VE GOT IT! One of the members of this group is a TRAITOR! Yes, that's a great old stand-by! One of us has been sabotaging this mission by passing our secrets back to the Nazis! Which one of us is the traitor?? Let's have some dramatic close-ups of all the suspects—
ARTHUR
•• If we tried to SPRING BYINGTON, would JIM BACKUS?
It's pretty obvious! There's only one person here who looks suspicious! There's only one person here who could possibly be the traitor! And that person is . . . Henna!
You dog! this is how we treat traitors!
That was a courageous thing to do! Thank you for taking care of a dirty but necessary job! However, you must admit that I just did a far more courageous thing than you! I killed her philosophically—in my mind!
How about we all sit down and discuss the whole philosophical concept of this mission for about four hours! If we blow up the guns right away, the picture is over too soon, anyhow!
47



SOMEBODY'S USIN' REAL BULLETS!
Well, Captain. Here we are in the fortress of Minestrone! After days of torturous travel and brushes with death, we have arrived at the climax of our adventure! All I have to do now is light the fuse with this match before the Germans batter down the door—and our mission is accomplished!
Hold on a second, Corporal Milksop! I'd like to raise an important point! When you say "our mission is accomplished," do you mean our **"physical"** mission or our **"moral"** mission!?
** Would MARIA SCHELL out if PRESTON FOSTER?
Well, now! That's an interesting point! And this is as good a time as any to discuss it thoroughly without getting excited or raising our voices. Actually, I refer to our **"physical"** mission, although the moral and the physical are often **interchangeable** . . .
No, no! You're **wrong!** They're **not** interchangeable! While a man can be physically moral, he cannot be morally physical! Or to put it another way, nine out of ten doctors recommend aspirin! Which is **certainly** putting it another way, you must admit . . . !
Philosophically, you may have a valid point there, Captain. However, if we were to examine the subject from all aspects, could we honestly say that the subject has been examined?
Yes and no! Let's take a look at this whole thing from the beginning! Now, then, when God created Adam . . .
I see your friends blew up the German guns as planned! Bloody good show!
Not **exactly** as planned, Sir! The explosives **never went off!**
The fortress of Minestrone was built on top of a volcano which erupts when it is subjected to an unnatural amount of **hot air** . . .
And there's no **hotter** hot air than those **philosophical** messages sandwiched in between the killings in ridiculous war films like **this** one!
WOW!
NOW HEAR THIS . . . !
DRUCKER

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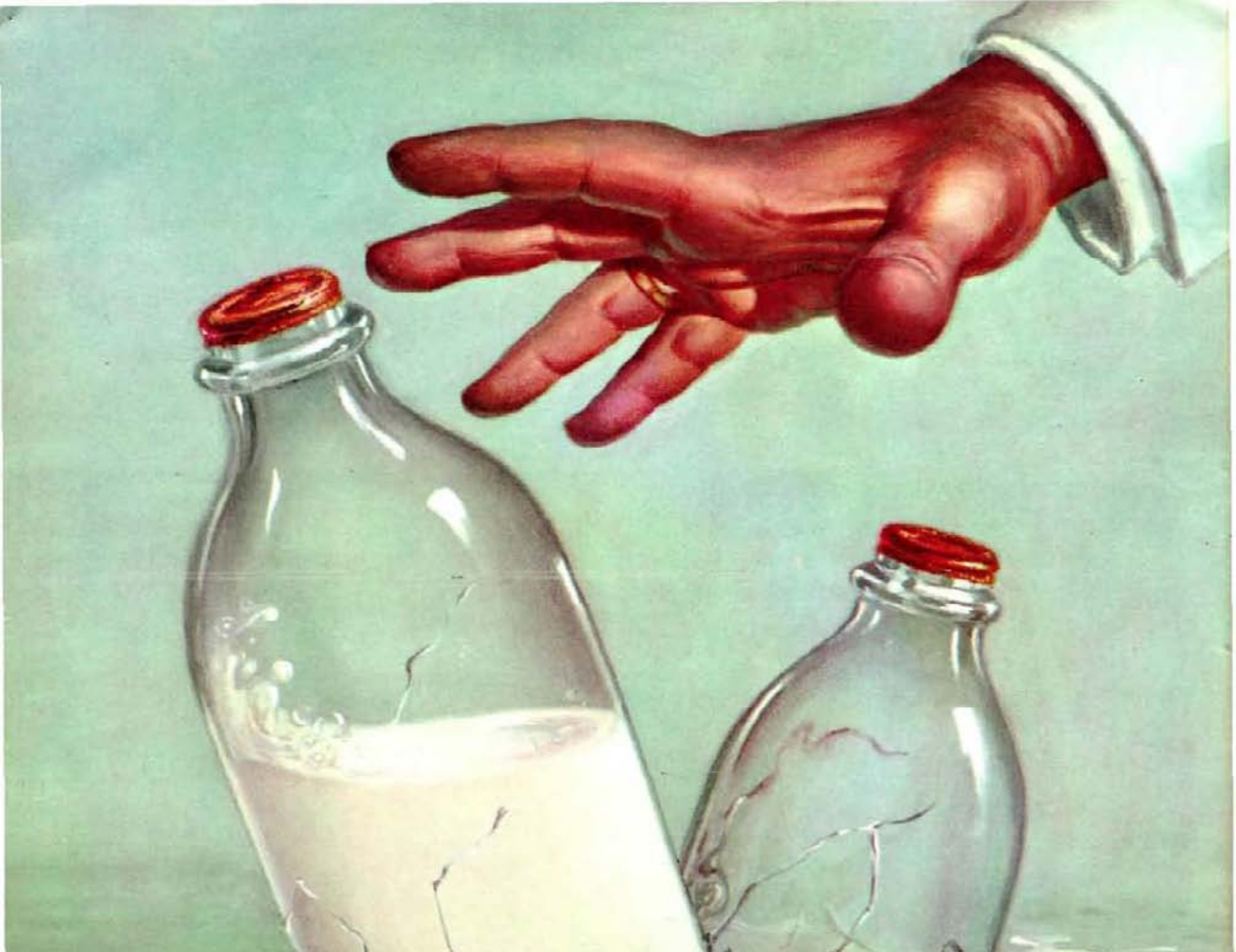


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